THE COMMONWEAL

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THE WAR UPON WAR

IT WOULD be easy to fill this entire issue of THE COMMONWEAL with a mere list of the wars and rumors of wars and potential war clouds now actually lowering over the world, which would read like one of the outbursts of Jeremiah, or any other prophet of gloom. And if such a list should be furnished with a commentary, or explanatory text, it would quickly grow to the proportions of an encyclopedia. As we are reminded by Sir Philip Gibbs in his new book, "Since Then," Russia, China, Poland, Mexico, South America, Egypt, India, Germany, Italy, Hungary and other lands have since the Peace Conference after the World War, been drenched with blood in a constant succession of wars, revolutions and riots. Other strains and conflicts of interests between many nations are adding their influence to the ferment of the world unrest, which some unforeseen incident might at any time lead onward to another general conflagration.

Against this menace, many great forces are struggling. One of these forces, however, at best is negative, powerful as it may be at present. This particular force is the sheer horror and detestation with which most sensible men and women who passed through the World War whether as combatants or not, now regard any prospect, however faint, of another such cataclysm. But this massive weight of world opinion is meeting the growing indifference of a younger generation which has not known war, whether of victory or of defeat; a generation that is now played upon in some countries by a spirit of fanatical nationalism, and elsewhere is poisoned by the sores left running from the war and apparently kept open by the treaties which were to have regulated the peaceful relations of the world.

Another great force which is attempting to hold back the threatened flood of a new world war is exerted by the various and, unfortunately, sometimes conflicting efforts of practically all the governments through disarmament conferences, through arbitration treaties and through such devices as the League of Nations. This force is, however, sorely divided by national interests, and even more seriously by the growing strength of militarism, as well as by the more negative but perhaps even more deadly effect of downright pessimism. In all the threatened countries these pessimists magnify the difficulties of the situation, and apparently welcome with a perverted pleasure all evidences of what they term the unworkability of "Utopian notions"—such as the hope that the intelligence and good-will of the

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world may succeed in bringing about international peace. Catholics, more than all others, should not identify themselves with such pessimists. On the contrary, they should be foremost in arousing and maintaining the will of mankind that peace shall prevail.

As the *Month,* the organ of the English Jesuit Fathers, said in a recent issue, there are the best of reasons for Catholics to unite with others in this cause as well as to increase their own labors. "We welcome the suggestion of the Lambeth Conference," says the *Month,* "that Christians throughout the world should let their governments know that, unless there has been a bona fide effort at arbitration [in case of a threatened war] they will not support such governments in declaring war." For, as the *Month* also points out, "the Church has already settled the question, by teaching that, though the State has the right to call upon the citizen to risk his life in defense of its major interests, it has also the prior duty of securing that the objects and methods of his task should be assuredly just. Otherwise, it is his duty to disobey." Europeans, of course, feel the urgent nature of such problems more keenly than do we, but we also must deal with them.

It is therefore encouraging to note the gathering of the Catholic Association for International Peace, sponsored by the Chicago Calvert Club, on November 11, in Chicago. We are writing before news has reached us as to the particular views dealt with by the conference—a subject to which we shall return in later issues—but we know the fundamental principles which guide the work of the association, and hence we feel justified in stating that in no other department of Catholic action is there a greater need for coöperation and support. Up to the present time, American Catholics have taken less direct part in the formation and spreading of enlightened public opinion on subjects of general social value than almost any other element of our population. Knowing that through its sacramental and moral channels the Church is continually and consistently exerting an elevating and strengthening influence on human life, Catholics for the most part have been content to let these spiritual and moral forces represent the entire contribution of the Church to modern civilization. They know how mighty that contribution is and what vast results it can accomplish, quite independently of leagues and associations and the other paraphernalia of social action. But they are slowly yet decidedly becoming aware that these latter measures are necessary ones. For example, the men's and women's councils associated with the National Catholic Welfare Conference, together with the Social Action Department, have placed themselves squarely behind the work of the Catholic Association for International Peace. "The Christian Way to Peace" and "Peace Statements of Recent Popes" are among the pamphlets issued by the Joint Committee on Peace of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. We would urge our own readers to read this literature and to coöperate with the group which met in Chicago.

WEEK BY WEEK

AS THE representatives of all the great powers deliberate in the Preparatory Disarmament Commission of the League of Nations at Geneva, two fundamental considerations seem to stand above the confusing—and wearisome—conflict of expert testimony. Foremost is the realignment of the French position. France has hitherto asserted that the first requisite for each nation was a feeling of security and that, this having been achieved by each nation arming itself to its complete satisfaction, steps might be taken to develop the agencies, such as the World Court and the League of Nations, for the pacific settlement of international disputes; then, as the agencies extended their facilities and won the confidence of peoples, then only could a real reduction of armaments result by formal agreements and by voluntary reductions. This position was stated in the formula, "Security, arbitration and disarmament." Now Mr. Briand is willing to put arbitration first, on the principle that only by assuring justice between nations by workable agencies of arbitration, can security be determined, in preparation for the actual business of disarmament. The second fundamental consideration revolves on the basis for the limitation of armaments. Continental Europeans desire that this shall be determined by budgets, allowing each nation to determine individually what arms it can best secure with its appropriation; whereas the British and American delegates desire that the basis shall be by categories, that is ratios of infantrymen and weapons, artillery, airplanes and so on, as naval armaments were determined on the 5-5-3 formula. Let us hope that the spirit of peace will preserve these intricate letters of the law from killing it.

The Problems of Peace

The Deeper Issues

ELSEWHERE in this issue our special writer on political affairs sums up the main results of the elections. Yet, with all due regard to Mr. Thompson's recognized competence in this field, and with all proper respect for the judgments—so various and so conflicting!—pronounced by other political experts, THE COMMONWEAL believes that no opinion is or can be particularly useful unless considered in relation to more intangible factors than those of party defeats or victories, the number of votes cast for this or that candidate, or this or that party policy. Certain objective facts of the election are in themselves so striking that possibly they may distract our minds from even more important facts, lying under the surface, and which are not indicated, except indirectly, by the returns from the polling booths or by the interpretations of the political writers. For example, there can be no reasonable doubt that both President Hoover and the responsible leaders of the Republican party, together with the national chieftains of the

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Democratic party, have won the respect and gratitude of the nation by the prompt acceptance on the part of the administration of the patriotic and statesmanlike offer of the Democratic leaders for a non-partizan coöperation in the restoration of normal business conditions to the country.

NEVERTHELESS, it well may be that this very coming together of the political foemen on the field of their strife is indicative of their belief that a greater crisis than that of party rivalry faces them both. That crisis, if we are correct in our assumption that it is recognized, is concerned with the question as to whether or not the present economic system requires fundamental reform. At least it would seem certain that there is more than a simple job of repairing the strained machinery of that system to be done. It is, of course, absolutely necessary to accomplish the repairing, and to get the stalled car going again, before tackling any larger job. But that the larger job needs to be taken in hand seems to be the chief lesson of the tremendous political disturbance which swept through the country on Election Day. And it is to be hoped that those who will be responsible for the task will probe deeper into the situation than trade surveys and financial statistics will take them. They must consider ethics—and that will bring them where the whole world must follow if it hopes for more than temporary alleviations of its ill-ease, back to the teachings of religion.

IT IS a curious fact that as a result of the present depression and other circumstances, Australia imposes upon its citizens a greater tax burden than is shouldered by any other nation excepting Germany. One-fifth of all incomes goes to the state, and the total debt averages about eighty-four pounds per capita. During the past year trade in wool and wheat, staple products of this continent, has declined so steadily that a deficit of at least sixty million pounds in the general income is expected. To some extent this financial catastrophe can be traced to events which have undermined capitalistic prosperity throughout the world. But in all probability we are also witnessing the economic test of an idea of political government which seemed to not a few singularly advanced—if not chimerical. Sure that a limited and homogeneous population dwelling in a vast new continent could maintain its own standard of living independently of world conditions, the pilots of the Australian ship of state guided their craft into seemingly tranquil paternalistic waters. A wage policy good in several respects did not make allowance for increasing production costs and relied upon bond issues to bridge over gaps between receipts and expenditures. Now that markets have closed and financial stringency has set in, the situation is acute enough to cause the appearance of a host of acrid critics. Because of the attention which economists and political theorists have always granted the "Australian experiment," the present development of the nation is doubtless certain to arouse world-wide interest. At any rate, the contemporary depression has spared no one. It is the final and vengeful critique of economic and political blunders made since the war.

Australia Contrite

THE PALESTINIAN situation has begun to take on the complications made inevitable by Great Britain's White Paper. Lord Passfield's unfortunate statement of his government's future policy in the Holy Land seems to please nobody. Certainly not the Jews, whose immigration and land purchases it has suspended, in violation of the Balfour Declaration. But equally not the Arabs, whom it was meant to conciliate. The moderates among them are satisfied that it marks a good beginning for their aspirations, but that is all. The extremists continue to demand a full and formal withdrawal of the declaration itself. Individual wealthy landowners actively resent the restriction of land sales, which cuts deeply into their incomes. A larger, semi-official section of opinion is opposed to the "legislative council" which the White Paper offers the peoples of Palestine as the germ of a later possible more fully representative government. It is too rudimentary and incomplete to satisfy the Arabian nationalistic ambitions, and its main, perhaps its only, chance of acceptance lies in the fact that it will be unanimously boycotted by the Palestine Jews. It may be this scant gratitude on the part of his Arabian charges which has prompted Lord Passfield suddenly to endorse passports for 1,500 Jewish immigrants—or it may merely be the protest made against the White Paper by the leaders of the crescent Conservative party. Whatever it was, the act has not placated British Zionists, now thoroughly aroused; nor will it, we suppose, operate to make the Arabs more grateful.

Pleasing Nobody in Palestine

A TEMPTATION man is heir to is that of lumping classes of men together and, if the classification is unpleasant, thinking of them unkindly in the mass. Among Catholics that temptation comes when we think of bigots, and some of us are too ready to say "the Protestants," as if bigotry were an inclusively Protestant trait. True, we make a sweeping exception of the occasional Nicholas Murray Butler, Dr. Van Dyke, or John W. Davis, but all the same we do not allow for the mute inglorious Protestant who is not a bigot, who is unwept, unhonored, and unsung; and too liberally we include "the Southern Protestant" in that characterization, or some of us do. Meanwhile the silent Southern Protestant may be just as much riled by bigotry as a Knight of Columbus. Take a place which those of us who are susceptible to the universal vice of characterization are too likely to lump into one bigotric whole—take Alabama. Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Or, barring an

Hasty Lumping

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occasional Montgomery *Advertiser,* any good thing out of Heflinia?

Harvey Wickham Dead

ONCE again it is the sad duty of THE COMMONWEAL to record the death of one of its chief contributors. Harvey Wickham died suddenly in Rome on November 3. We shall publish in our next number an article from his pen, giving what now turns out to have been his last words in a controversy which has been interesting many of our readers for some time. Only the day before the arrival of the cablegram telling of his death, we had received letters from him to be forwarded to writers for this journal whose views had attracted his attention, and with whom he desired to discuss those views. The incident was highly characteristic of the man. Evidently his intellectual life was functioning at its fullest right up to its abrupt ending. He died, so to speak, on the firing line, under arms to the last. It was in this journal that Harvey Wickham published the essays and articles which led him on to the writing of that very remarkable trilogy of books, "The Misbehaviorists," "The Impuritans" and "The Unrealists," which placed him among the few really important social critics of our times. Naturally, we feel his loss as a writer profoundly. The more personal side of our loss we cannot write about. We can only ask our readers, in this month dedicated to the dead, to remember one who, while not a member of the visible Church, had surely given proofs of a claim to a place in its soul.

Science— or Piffle

IF A THEOLOGIAN should write on religion and science with the combination of pontifical certainty and naive incompetence shown by Professor Albert Einstein in the magazine section of the New York *Times* for Sunday, November 9, scientists might well receive his utterances with more amazement than respect. Such an exhibition by a leader of scientific thought is as astounding as it is lamentable. Abandoning all the sense of complexity and the care for distinctions which should characterize the scientific mind, Dr. Einstein is sure of many things that are debatable and of others that are totally false. He is quite sure that religion originated chiefly in fear; he is quite sure that "a Being who interferes with the sequence of events in the world is absolutely impossible"; he is quite sure that men of research are "the only deeply religious people." The highest religious experience is, he tells us, "cosmic," and as kindred geniuses he names Democritus, Spinoza and—Francis of Assisi. He condemns theism as anthropomorphic, and then goes on to speak of "the eyes of God"! It is all a particularly childish specimen of hack philosophy at so much per word. Few of us are capable of understanding Dr. Einstein's physical theories, and the criticism of their philosophical implications should be left to competent experts. But when he produces this sort of stuff, it is time to describe it as it is. One thing is quite certain, that if "man acts in accordance with an outer and inner necessity," if "he is as little responsible for his actions as an inanimate object is for the movements it makes," thought is meaningless, and science is meaningless, and the noise made by the set of equations called Albert Einstein, somewhat prematurely canonized by Dr. Fosdick, is meaningless too!

Catholic Arts Society

ABOVE the din and distractions of temporal matters stands the eternal Church, and those that turn to her to know, to love and to serve God, may well rejoice that she is beautiful. What could be more natural, and at the same time what could be finer, than that those who wish to express their love of God should tender Him beauty, the best they know how? The Three Kings who followed the star of Bethlehem to lay humbly at the feet of the Infant Christ the finest worldly treasures that they knew, may well be models for us. The poverty and the meanness of the stable where Jesus was born were not results of any noble human intentions. Rather, they were the very opposite. They were the result of obvious unkindnesses and neglect. Therefore, in the times that are given us, to carry on the worship of God, the welcome to Him, with generosity and recollection is certainly an opportunity that may compensate for our not having the privileges of the Magi. Ours is the chance to make up for the historic neglect, and the neglect in our day.

IN THIS service we may well follow the prescribed steps to faith: know, love and serve. To make easier our knowledge, the Liturgical Arts Society has been formed. We extend it our sincerest best wishes and a renewal of our desire to be helpful in every way that we can. We gratefully anticipate the help we shall receive from the society. Though the facts of the organization may already have been published elsewhere, we do not hesitate to repeat them, to make them increasingly well known. The officers are: president, Mr. Charles D. Maginnis, of the distinguished firm of Maginnis and Walsh, architects; vice-president, Ides van der Gracht, of 74 East Fifty-Fourth Street, New York, (at this address will be the headquarters of the society); treasurer, J. Sanford Shanley; secretary, Maurice Lavanoux, Boston architect; and spiritual director, the Reverend John LaFarge, S.J. Mr. Bancel LaFarge, architect, undertook a preliminary investigation which revealed a large and enthusiastic interest in the purpose of the society, which will act as a clearing house for scholarly and practical information on religious and liturgical art for the clergy, for artists, and for architects. It will also foster lectures and possibly undertake a publication. Among the patrons are Very Reverend James A. Walsh, director of Catholic Foreign Missions; Monsignor Ryan, rector of the Catholic University; the Reverend T.

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Lawrason Riggs; Reverend Mother Stevens, of Manhattanville College, which has led the way in liturgical music; and Mr. John G. Agar. There are many foreign supporters of the movement and similar organizations abroad, with which the American society will be in correspondence. Like the Faith, the movement has the distinguishing mark of Catholicity.

For Catholic Artists

"THE CATHOLIC PURITAN" receives a courageous and salutary haranging in *America* from the pen of Francis X. Connolly. Mr. Connolly poses the difficulties of the American Catholic literary artist especially, difficulties from without and from within, as shrewdly and clearly as Henri Massis (whom, incidentally, he quotes) has posed those of the French. The difficulty from without comes from the fact that the body of literary ideas in which the Catholic writer finds himself is not, by and large, vital to him. It is Romantic: that is, it is concerned with "the unaided struggle of the ego toward its proper place in the cosmos"; and "for the Catholic, much of this struggle would be vain histrionics. . . . To wander with Shelley through the self-inflicted miseries of a chastized boy, or to haggle vainly with himself over elementary rules of conduct, as Carlyle did, and wear away the rock of his genius in discovering the everlasting yea to be obedience to God, in a word, to waste precious spiritual energies over the first two pages of the catechism, is as unnecessary as it is foolish." The difficulty from within, however, is just as troubling. It comes from the post-Reformation tradition that practically forbids any experimental or individual approach to these matters, or to any other matters not concerned with the most sublime verities of the Faith.

MR. CONNOLLY expresses this dilemma thus: "For the Catholic to share the pantheistic ardor of his fellows or become overserious regarding the wanton kisses of life would connote insincerity; for him to begin where others leave off, to take up a work that is considered finished, necessitates supreme art. . . . He must attempt Dantean heights, or scramble hopelessly in the pitfalls of greatness." And yet there is a legitimate "middle ground"—a "vast territory between insincerity and great art." This middle ground it is the artist's proper business to open up, and Mr. Connolly pleads for his untrammeled right to do so. He must be allowed to choose his material from the complete world of his mind, a Catholic mind, let us remember, and to approach it artistically. "It is just as false," Mr. Connolly insists, "for the artist to strive consciously to adjust his work to a spiritual outlook as it is for him to tint the truth of reality with a base or immoral purpose." Catholicism is very much more than a code of morals, as the freedom of mediaeval literature shows. It is a whole way of life, which should mean not only a way of goodness, but a way of joy in beauty and a way of happy individual adventure and rediscovery. This middle ground between a subjective self-sufficiency and a formal dedication to ultimates has already begun to be opened up, but real creative freedom is still obstructed; "the real position of the Church has been almost totally obscured by pious people with learned pretensions and censorious propensities." The middle ground will be reclaimed in earnest when it is really understood "that the tendency toward intellectual freedom is by no means a sure sign of spiritual profligacy." Mr. Connolly concludes his genuinely notable paper by quoting Francis Thompson's plea for poetry, and adding words that it is a pleasure to echo: "It is the wedding of the saint and the poet that will furnish a new home for the moderns to live in."

Babbitt Abroad

THE BESTOWAL of the Nobel Prize upon Sinclair Lewis—this being the first time that an American author has been thus distinguished—illustrates in a startling fashion the manner in which United States literature and life are represented abroad by elements which predominantly emphasize their most sordid and questionable aspects. The reports from Stockholm indicated that Mr. Lewis's chief rival before a decision was reached was Theodore Dreiser. These facts should be considered in relation to others of a similar kind; for example, the fact that the books of the late Jack London and those of Upton Sinclair are far better known, are more widely circulated, and possess a greater social influence, at least upon the masses of the European reading public, than the work of other American writers, with the possible exception of Eugene O'Neill.

PUTTING it in other words, the work of avowed Socialists, destructive critics of the prevailing social system of this country, together with the work of social satirists and literary muckrakers, stands out above all other types or kinds now being done in the United States. Is this because such work has really been accomplished in a superior artistic manner? Or is it because the pictures which they so sensationally present of the seamy underside of the New World nation whose wealth and material greatness and power have grown so portentously, are welcome to other nations that have become eager to learn its faults and flaws, especially when these are shown by its own writers? At any rate, the discussion of the Nobel Prize awarded to Mr. Lewis seems to us more of a sociological matter than an artistic one, and such a discussion might more profitably deal with this aspect of the matter than with the less vital question as to whether or not some other American writer should have been awarded the enormous sum which accompanies the honor bestowed by the Swedish jury. In fact, our own opinion is that if that money award was not so huge, far less attention would be given to the Nobel Prize.

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CHESTERTON THE CRUSADER

WE VENTURE the assertion that we can guess fairly accurately the main reason which led Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton to invade the American lecture field. To use the eloquent colloquialism, he needs the money. So, of course, do all the other lecturers who reap such abundant harvests over here. But without setting up invidious comparisons with those other raiders from overseas, we believe that few of them have better reasons for their need of money than Mr. Chesterton. For we think that it is for the purpose of keeping up the work of the Distributist League, and its organ, *G. K.'s Weekly,* that Mr. Chesterton endures what to him must be the abominable misery of rushing about the country in fast trains, stopping at great noisy hotels which to him must be like a foretaste of purgatory, and facing vast miscellaneous audiences mostly drawn together, as lecture audiences generally are, by curiosity to see a famous man rather than by intellectual interest in what such a man has to say.

Now, if Mr. Chesterton desires so greatly to keep his weekly review alive, it is certainly not because he needs a place in which to print his words. There are many organs of vast circulation eagerly open for him on both sides of the Atlantic. But although in such organs he expresses his general, and many of his particular points of view with the utmost brilliancy and success, the thing which we believe matters most to him as a writer can only be expressed, as he desires to express it, in his personal organ. For Mr. Chesterton's main interest in life is wrapped up more in his work for Distributism than in anything else, short of religion itself. And, indeed, from one point of view, that work is the direct expression of his religion. For this high prince of the paradox, this literary artist of dazzling ability, whose style ranges from the broadest strokes of humor to the most delicate and felicitous wit, and whose sheer productiveness is one of the most amazing things in literature—only equaled in its wonder by the high quality of that gigantic mass of work—this most versatile and voluminous of writers is also the most consistent and persistent propagandist of our age. One great unceasing purpose runs through everything he writes, from the flaming heights of his splendid poetry to the hastiest paragraphs in his weekly review, and nothing less than Milton's line will serve to describe it: "To justify the ways of God to man."

Whether or not that purpose would be better served in the long run by Mr. Chesterton's abstention from what are called practical affairs, and by an undeviating devotion to his art and craft of writing, is, of course, debatable; but only academically so, because long ago he settled that question for himself. His presidency of the Distributist League and his weekly review are his answer. His philosophy, his poetry, his religion, his patriotism and his humanity must be expressed in action as well as in the written and spoken word. With all his heart and soul he believes that his own nation and all other nations which are committed to capitalism are on the wrong road, a road that can only lead to degradation or disaster. At the same time he believes that such opposing systems as Socialism, or Communism, or the dictatorship of the proletariat, are also fatally wrong and lead to worse results than capitalism.

For him, the way out is Distributism, which, put in very brief and inadequate terms, means a state of society based upon, and in its culture determined by, the widest possible individual ownership of property, more particularly the ownership and actual use of agricultural land. It is the small farmer system. It is the peasant state. To all objections based upon what Mr. Chesterton regards as the fallacious doctrine of "progress"—the belief, namely, that humanity long ago passed out of the primitive conception of peasant proprietorship—Mr. Chesterton is adamantine in his opposition. If a man has lost his way, or finds himself on the wrong road, he will use his common sense by going back, even a long way back, to the point where he took the wrong turn; and once such a man finds the right road he will do his best to stick to it. And humanity, in Mr. Chesterton's view, can only be human when it behaves like a man—like a man, that is to say, who uses right reason and bases that right reason on a belief in God. For him, indeed, no man can possibly use right reason—at least not fully so—unless he does believe in God. And God has not left such a man, nor any society of such men, without guidance and direction on the road of right reason. For God has set up His Church among men. And it is in the doctrine of that Church, and in the teachings of its great minds, like Saint Thomas Aquinas or Pope Leo XIII, that Mr. Chesterton finds authority for his own doctrine of the power of the human will, and justification for his particular form of political economy.

It is no part of our present intention to argue as to whether Mr. Chesterton is right or wrong in his form of political economy. The interesting thing about Mr. Chesterton in connection with his visit to us is that we are permitted to see and hear a great modern crusader. He does not merely write against what he thinks is wrong, and in favor of what he thinks is right. In his own life, in personal action, in hard, practical daily work, he fights as well as writes. He has broken out of the cloister of the mere man of letters as vigorously as Bernard Shaw did when the latter with his comrades set up the Fabian Society. The Distributist League is indeed very obscure and the Fabian Society and its work are very prominent. But the Fabian Society in its beginnings was also most obscure, and few there were who believed that it could have any such effect on society as in fact it has had. Mr. Chesterton's fight may be a forlorn hope, but forlorn hopes do not always fail, and even when they do, they leave behind them a glow on the pages of history, and, what is better, in the souls of men, which in the long run is more practical because more inspiring than many volumes of abstract theory.

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THE OVERTURN OF 1930

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

From a wide experience as a political observer, including a number of years in Washington, Mr. Charles Willis Thompson was, we believed, especially fitted to determine the fundamentals resulting from the recent election, which are now history and will make history. Claims made for political advantage do not cease with the counting of the ballots, so that clear and unimpassioned thinking is needed. Mr. Thompson's article has the quality and is no mere résumé, but a dynamic analysis which points to continuing, and we feel encouraging, aspects of the elections.—The Editors.

OFF-YEAR elections are usually taken lightly. Sometimes, however, they become as historic as presidential elections, and there have been cases where they have been more so. For instance, no one can recall without an effort what the presidential election of 1888 was about; whereas the off-year election of 1854 was one of the most tremendously significant elections in our history. It was then that while political leaders, like the amusing Chairman Fess this year, were ruling out a certain subject as not an issue, the silent voter was realigning himself on it and thrusting party divisions aside as Whig met Democrat and shook hands. There are plenty of other exceptions to the rule that an off-year election is not likely to be historic, and 1930 is certainly one of them.

In searching for causes of the overwhelming Democratic landslide, one often hears the familiar parrot-cry that no one cause brought it about. No one cause ever does, and this applies to presidential elections as well as off-year ones. There were people who voted against Smith because Republicanism means a full purse, because he was a Catholic, because they were drys, because—this seems ludicrous but is true—they did not like Oliver Street. Let us try to dismiss this parrot-cry heard after every election and leading only to confusion of thought and find, if we can, the major reason.

The major reason was not hard times nor the Hawley-Smoot tariff nor prohibition. Hard times might have caused a Democratic victory anyway, but not half-million majorities in half-million Republican states. States which liked Hawley-Smootism were as emphatic as states that did not. Of prohibition I shall reserve a word. The one thing which does stand out is that the voters, from east to west and north to south, did not approve of President Hoover. They did not approve of the way the Republican party has done things, either, but this is minor; for the Republican party has behaved under Hoover no differently from the way it behaved under Coolidge and Harding. Under Harding, if anything, it did not behave as well.

This is why 1930 is a landmark to which the future will look back in recording what happened in 1932 and subsequent years. For there is no prospect that the estimate of Mr. Hoover will change. It will deepen. The cause for that lies not in the voters but in the President. Wilmott Lewis, cabling from Washington to the London *Times,* put his finger accurately on the nerve of election day when he said:

"It would be a rough but not an unfair description of President Hoover's powers of mind to say he can calculate wave lengths but cannot see color, that he can understand vibrations but cannot hear tone. Luck of course has been cruelly against him but so have been and will be his own temperament and special attributes."

It is not a complete visualization of Mr. Hoover when one says, as the New York *World* notably does and others do, that his failure has been due to his "yielding" on every important matter before him because of a desire to conciliate this or that bloc. That is a symptom, a manifestation, nothing more. The truth, known to those Republicans who opposed his nomination in 1928 and who seemed to be opposing it out of mere mulishness, was and is that he is not, temperamentally or mentally, a presidential President. And for this there is no cure, and he is helpless to reform his mind or retrace his mistakes in the two years that remain to him. The history of 1931-1933 is already written.

For this four-year interregnum in government, 1929-1933, it is not Hoover but the voters that bear the blame. There is an incurable habit of bowing down before the golden calf of "training" in estimating the qualifications of public leaders; it is well-nigh universal. All the evidence runs against it, but nothing modifies it. Prior to Hoover (whose training in many places, notably in foreign affairs, was everywhere believed to make him unprecedently fit) the most conspicuously inadequate Presidents had been Taft, Buchanan and Tyler; Madison was not adequate. All, especially Taft and Madison, had that magic training in the superlative degree, nearly all from their boyhood up. Taft began his training before he could vote, and progressed continuously from one try-out office to another. A great Chief Justice, he yet so failed as President as to bring on one of those historic off-year elections, that of 1910, which conclusively demonstrated that he would be turned out of office in 1912. If Roosevelt had not run independently, Taft would still have been defeated. This is not guesswork; it is proved by the fact that four years later, in 1916, with no Bull Moose candidate to divide the vote, the incensed Republicans still stayed outside the breastworks and gave Wilson another term.

Who, then, have been the successful Presidents? Invariably they have been men without this lifelong

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training, almost invariably men with little training. Lincoln was successful; his training amounted to a service as a backwoods legislator in a state legislature and to one term in Congress so undistinguished that he passed unnoticed. Zachary Taylor, who hardly ever even voted and took no interest in politics, proved to be a sagacious President with views far wider, once he had to consider politics at all, than the trained men in House and Senate, on the great question of the hour. But space forbids the tracing of this unchanging law, and there is only room for the reason.

The reason is that office-holding does not give the special kinds of training needed for the Presidency. What is needed in the White House is the special understanding of men, combined with that imagination which gives one a horizon when it comes to causes and effects in public questions. These two things Lincoln had, to name no others, such as Roosevelt. Madison, more than anyone else the maker of the constitution, and trained to an edge, had much of it, but not enough to enable him to comprehend either man as an individual, like Henry Clay, or such mass movements as came to a head in 1812. Of these two essentials, these two things which no man can lack and be a successful President, Hoover has not a trace; and in 1928 there were Republicans who knew it and who were thought to be pig-headed recalcitrants because they wanted somebody like Governor Lowden nominated and could not explain convincingly their opposition to this man of miraculous training.

If this is borne in mind, it will be easier to understand what is going to happen in the United States in 1931 and 1932, and to be more resigned and less peevish with the incidents that are sure to come up. Meanwhile the matter of immediate interest is the way not the President, but the two houses and the state governments, are going to deal with events as a result of the landslide. It is idle for the political observers to calculate numerically, as they are doing, the exact number of Republicans and Democrats in House and Senate. It is going to be not a party government but a bloc government. In Hoover's first two years it has been largely that, though mitigated by a party discipline which will now be ineffective. A large number of the elected senators and representatives who are listed as Republican are so only in name, and it is peculiarly foolish to treat them as a unit and say that the Farmer-Labor Senator, Shipstead, and the Farmer-Labor Representative, Kvale, will hold the balance of power. The balance of power will be held by the Norrises, Blaines, La Follettes and Borahs. And on the Democratic side, too, there are men who have a habit of recording themselves on the Republican side in roll-calls.

There is a fashion of abusing the voter as unintelligent and of deriding the old idea that he picks and chooses. Very often the individual is exasperatingly senseless in his choice of reasons, but whenever you look at the mass your faith in human reason returns. It does so in this election. The instances are too numerous to list; but the immensely varying vote by which the Democratic candidates, from Roosevelt to Bennett, were elected in New York state, is striking. So is the fact that wet Montana elected dry Senator Walsh for his good record, or that east Tennessee voted unmistakably on one issue, not prohibition, against its party convictions. Most salient of all is that in the Illinois avalanche, giving Lewis better than half a million for the Senate and electing also one Democratic congressman-at-large, the vote on the other was so close that at this writing Richard Yates, the Republican, seems to have won. This happy evidence of independent thinking holds good all over the country.

New York has supplied another notable lesson, in Governor Roosevelt's sweep of the supposedly rock-ribbed Republican "up-state." Heretofore it has been taken as an axiom that the Republican candidate will come down to the Bronx with a calculated majority which Tammany must overcome. This year Roosevelt came down to the Bronx with such an up-state majority that it would have elected him even if Tammany had been apathetic. It is attributed to the fact that since 1928 Roosevelt has devoted attention to the building of an up-state organization. But what does that prove? Simply that no one had done it before since the retirement of David B. Hill. It was assumed that up-state Democrats were incorrigibly weak and wishy-washy and that Tammany supplied the only life to that party. In Hill's day it was not so. The answer is that Hill was followed by no Hills until Roosevelt came along, and that up-state Democrats have as much marrow under leadership as other people have. The same will hold good in other states.

The wet victories will make the Congress wets aggressive and militant; they will also put an end to straddling and pussy-footing in 1932 and force prohibition to the foreground as the issue which will not be laid aside until it has been settled; even though Chairman Fess did oracularly announce that in this campaign the Eighteenth Amendment was not an issue. But that needs no argument. The great fact of 1930, so far as this overshadowing issue is concerned, is that now and from now on the drys are and will be merely marking time while the wets do the charging. The drys have shot their bolt. They are no longer—as they have been since long before Volstead was born—on the aggressive instead of the defensive; more, their fight is only to hold their own, not to advance.

The voters have made up their minds so far as Senator Borah's plea three years ago is concerned—that the noble experiment must be given more time, to see how it would work. They have decided that it has had time enough. This applies to drys as well as wets. Despite the vision had by Dr. Carroll, the dry candidate for governor of New York, of calling out the National Guard and the regular army, the dry policy will include no more onward and aggressive movements, only a struggle to hold their own. The sword has passed into anti-prohibition hands.

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Places and Persons

A FORGOTTEN MONASTERY

By ETHEL ROBY HAYDEN

DOWN in southern Maryland a weather-beaten old house broods upon its hilltop and looks out over the Port Tobacco valley. Ambitious weeds mat their stems around a few old gravestones nearby. But for the farm sounds from the fields there is quiet there now, though time was when the old house awoke to the music of convent bells and the soft voices of nuns at prayer. This is Mount Carmel, still affectionately called "the monastery," the first convent home of religious women in the United States.

The religious persecution which Maryland Catholics endured from the days of the second Lord Baltimore to the Revolution seemed to toughen the fiber of their souls; in the history of that time we find no compromising with convenience. When Catholic education was denied them in the New World, all who could sent their young sons and daughters across the seas to be educated in the European convents, some to join religious orders there and return to spread the ancient Gospel in the land which their fathers had civilized. This was the case within the small group who made the difficult journey from their convent in Belgium to transplant the order of Saint Teresa to Maryland soil.

In the last half of the eighteenth century the vicinity of Port Tobacco in Maryland was well represented among the English Carmelites in Belgium. In the convent at Antwerp Mother Margaret Brent was prioress and two young Maryland relatives were of her religious household. Mother Bernadine Matthews was prioress of the convent at Hoogstraeten, and with her were two nieces, Sister Mary Eleanor Matthews and Sister Mary Aloysia Matthews, while Father Charles Neale, S.J., was director of the community. For long there had been thoughts of founding a community in Maryland, of which Mother Margaret Brent was to have been the prioress, but her death further delayed the undertaking and it was to Mother Bernadine Matthews that her brother, Father Ignatius Matthews, wrote from Saint Thomas Manor in 1789: "Now is the time to found in this country, for peace is established and religion is free."

Plans were finally completed. Mother Bernadine Matthews, her two nieces and Mother Clare Joseph Dickinson, a brilliant Englishwoman, set out with Father Charles Neale on the long journey back to America. They were nearly three months on their way and had a rather miserable time of it before they reached New York. Then they took passage on a sloop to Norfolk, Virginia, and from there another sailing vessel brought them up the Potomac where they landed near Port Tobacco at the private wharf of the Brent plantation on Saturday afternoon, July 10, 1790.

Port Tobacco was by this time the rialto of Charles County, a busy, important little valley town that had once been the Indian village converted by the Jesuit, Father Andrew White. Where the wigwams so lately sprawled in the sunshine, many-chimneyed brick buildings lined the short streets that abutted on the hills. High above the town lay Chandler's Hope, the old home of Father Charles Neale, now unoccupied. Here the Sisters took up a temporary residence after resting a few days at the Brent home. They were to spend only a few months at Chandler's Hope but during that time they made themselves at home, put on their religious habits again and took up the daily round of the Carmelite nun.

Meanwhile Father Neale set about to find a suitable place for the convent and soon settled upon a plantation a short distance up the valley where Mr. Baker Brooke had just built a large house on one of the prettiest and highest hills. Father Neale exchanged his property, Chandler's Hope, and £1,370 for the 860 acres of land, and Mr. Brooke gave the house to the Sisters as a present. So on March 15, 1790, the feast of Saint Teresa, the Sisters took possession of their new home, and thus was founded the first community of religious women in the United States. There was a community of Ursulines already established in New Orleans, but at that time Louisiana was still a colony belonging to France.

They named the new home Mount Carmel and Mother Bernadine was made prioress. Soon a little chapel was built near the house and dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The neighboring Catholics gathered there on Sundays to hear Mass. Before the year was over several young ladies from Maryland's distinguished families had applied for admission to the order. To Miss Elizabeth Carberry of St. Mary's County fell the privilege of pronouncing the first solemn religious vows in the United States. She was the first to enter the new convent, and made her solemn vows on May 1, 1792. The satisfaction with which the foundation was considered was evidenced by Pius VI who, on July 28, 1792, granted a plenary indulgence to all the faithful who, after confession and communion, should visit a church or public oratory of the Carmelite nuns in Maryland and there pray for the intention of His Holiness on the first Friday after the octave of Corpus Christi, and on the first Friday of each month.

In spite of the definite hardships that faced the community in those first days in Maryland, life at Mount Carmel must have been a lovely thing. The old post-road from Annapolis to Port Tobacco that trailed

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through the valley at the foot of the monastery hills must have been eagerly watched for the laden post-rider—or in summer the gay mail-coach—bringing to the Sisters the precious packets of news from their friends over the sea. Nor was the everyday business of life without its color. The new garden on the mount grew beautiful under loving care. Over the sunny hills wandered the sheep whose wool was spun and woven into clothing for the community. Nearby streams provided fish for the table, and on spring mornings Negro servants, red-bandana-turbaned, gathered the prolific bronze-leaf landcress that grows in the bottom lands and makes the wholesome salad every southern Marylander knows.

Father Neale had a two-room house built near the chapel, and was farmer as well as director to the community. The Sisters did their own spinning. More, they grew proficient in bookbinding. Books being scarce and hard to come by, prayers were copied on tough paper and bound in sheepskin, tanned from the hides of the convent flock. One of the first prayer-books printed in the United States was compiled, printed by hand and bound at Mount Carmel. Sister Clare Joseph Dickinson is said to have done most of the compiling. The book, which was called "The Pious Guide," afterward went through many editions, and one is apt to find a copy of it today among the treasures of almost any old Maryland home.

The community increased rapidly. In less than ten years eleven young women, mostly from prominent Charles and St. Mary's County families, had taken the habit of Carmel. In 1797 death took its first toll from the new community. Sister Mary Magdalen who, in the world, was Miss Ann Johnson of Charles County, died after having been a year in the convent. Three years later Mother Bernadine Matthews joined the young Maryland nun in the little graveyard on the hill. Archbishop Carroll thereupon appointed Mother Clare Joseph Dickinson as prioress and empowered her to appoint her subprioress and discreets. A few years later Mother Clare Joseph wrote to England: "We are twenty in community. Our crops are productive, we have wheat, corn and tobacco and we raise a large number of sheep which yield a quantity of wool, both white and black, which we spin and weave to clothe ourselves and the Negroes."

The ancient story of the beautiful Mary of Avila had its counterpart in the monastery's early days in that of Mary Llewellyn, a lovely young heiress of St. Mary's County. Her decision to enter the convent was opposed vigorously by family and friends alike, but she remained firm and overcoming their objections was escorted to the convent by several young Maryland cavaliers. In the old parlor (still standing) Mary bade a joyful farewell to her young admirers, perhaps never to seem them again. One can picture these gay youths riding back to St. Mary's, thoughtful and impressed, like the Spanish noblemen who rode away from the other Mary so many years before. Mary Llewellyn in religion became Sister Pulcheria of the Assumption. She was remarkable for her gratitude to God for her holy vocation throughout the remaining thirty-two years of her life.

The first years of the nineteenth century, so full of changes in the outside world, passed quietly in the Maryland Carmel. Father Charles Neale remained the Sisters' stay and refuge to the end of his life. In a letter to Mother Clare Joseph, Father Robert Molyneux, first superior of the Jesuit order after its restoration in the United States, playfully states that it is unfortunate her chaplain must be one who unites knowledge of the saints with agricultural skill. That Father Neale filled this requirement the prosperity of Mount Carmel gave testimony. The novitiate at Georgetown did not share the same prosperity at that time. A letter which, in the light of after years, proves a commentary on the whims of fortune, is dated at Georgetown, February 23, 1808; in it the same Father Molyneux begs "dear Reverend Mother" to "send us grafts of your best fruit trees and garden seeds," and adds: "Give my respects to Father Charles and tell him we need wheat, money and everything he can send us. *Domine salva nos, perimus.*"

The Church in Maryland was spreading its influence rapidly as the new century passed into its second decade. Pope Pius VII erected Baltimore into an archiepiscopal see. In 1815 Archbishop Carroll died, and was followed two years later by Archbishop Neale. Then Archbishop Maréchal became head of the diocese, and in him the Carmelites had a devoted friend. The letters which passed between Baltimore and Mount Carmel, and which have been preserved, are the most human of documents. They serve as well to throw a sharp light on the remarkable life of a Carmelite nun and on the rich personalities of both bishop and prioress. While Archbishop Maréchal did not go often to Mount Carmel, he remembered the nuns on all occasions. In May, 1821, he wrote to ask that the community offer communion on the occasion of the dedication of the Baltimore cathedral, "that it may be a source of grace to my flock." And he often remarked of the monastery of Mount Carmel that "this little nursery is one of my greatest consolations in the diocese."

Municipal development grew away from the southern Maryland peninsula and there followed difficult years for the community, until finally it seemed best to remove the foundation to Baltimore. So on September 13, 1831, the nuns bade a last farewell to the old monastery on the hill. Of the seven buildings that housed the community only the central one still stands. From the ceiling of its lower floor still hang the great iron hooks that held the curtain partitions. Little else remains among the ruins to speak of its happy past. Down through the valley the dusty post-road is replaced by a slickly oiled state highway where, night and day, busy modern traffic passes by unheeding and leaves Mount Carmel to its memories.

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THE UNEMPLOYMENT PUZZLE

By G. HIRSCHFELD

THREE European nations, Germany, Great Britain and Italy, alone account for 6,000,000 out of the great European army of unemployed. Yet, if one walks through the streets of Berlin, London or Rome it cannot be said that the dilemma, the paltriness, the wretchedness of unemployment stares at one right from the asphalt. Soup kitchens are found in the dark and distant corners of the cities, they are neither widespread nor even noticed by the casual observer and —they are there in good times or bad. And so it is with the homes for the homeless and the asylums for the poor. One has to look more closely at the economic conditions of either one of the above mentioned countries in order to recognize the traces that have been left by unemployment.

Social insurance, which is most perfected in Germany but is making steady, if slow, progress in many European countries (the last one added to their number is France which has only recently introduced social insurance), has taken the misery from the streets but has by no means done away with it. Unemployment insurance, as one branch of social welfare legislation, has taken despair out of the hearts of the jobless, has cleared the parks and the squares of many a meeting of the unemployed, has reduced the fear of losing a job, has guaranteed a minimum "income" out of which to defray the expenses for a bare living and has, beyond doubt, gone a long way toward social betterment. But unemployment insurance has neither successfully disposed of the problem of unemployment nor has it in any way helped trade, commerce or industry; quite to the contrary: it has worked against their interests. Aside from a demoralizing effect unemployment insurance has on many people—partly because it makes some rely upon the meager income, and partly because it makes others ashamed that they are unable to provide for their families by their own labor—its unprofitableness as far as business is concerned is worth considering carefully.

Time and again attention is called to the wonderful results unemployment insurance is supposed to have given in European countries, and especially in Germany; but business over there has certainly experienced none of the splendid results. It is well to remember how social insurance came first into being in Germany. Some fifty years ago the teachings of Karl Marx, coupled with the unsatisfactory working conditions of German labor, led to an attack upon Bismarck, which after a hard but unsuccessful fight on the part of the latter, resulted in the social insurance law. At that time little was known about the intricacies of business and about the undercurrents of economic developments such as production and consumption, bid and demand, the law of low cost and accumulated penny-profit, etc. The workman, according to the Socialist bloc in the Reichstag, had to be helped and therefore the people as well as business had to be taxed accordingly.

In other words, social insurance in Germany and, in a wider sense, in Europe originated from humane reasons; the government did everything and the people and business paid everything. This has been possible and still is possible in politically governed countries such as Germany and Great Britain. The underlying conditions are quite different, however, in preëminently economic structures such as the United States, where business interests have a distinct voice in the shaping of legislation. For the very fact that these business interests had not been taken into account when social insurance became the order of the day in Europe, it is impossible to duplicate this social insurance scheme in the United States; and besides, there are the rather discouraging results as they have become obvious during recent years.

European industry experienced a period of rapid rise and expansion from the end of the nineteenth century down to the outbreak of the World War, only exceeded by the industrial evolution of the United States. Wages were satisfactory and went higher, business was flourishing and ever increasing, both the employer and the employee were happy and well off; their contributions to social insurance were hardly felt. The situation changed, however, with the war, followed by the inflation period, which brought about the complete crash of the German mark and left the people at large helpless and poor. Industry, in the meantime, followed its production schedule but did not find the home market to back it up in its reconstruction effort, since people were too poor to buy more than the essential things. It therefore invaded the world market. In order to compete with foreign industries the German manufacturers had to lower the cost of production as much as possible. This they did by using machines and discharging labor: which, in turn, created the problem of large-scale unemployment.

What has happened in Germany is just as true of Great Britain and Italy, of Austria and Russia, etc. Unemployment insurance came into being, in Germany on October 1, 1927, and the insurance scheme was based on an average number of unemployed amounting to 800,000; two years later the number had swollen to more than 1,600,000; today it exceeds 3,000,000. This means that the larger amounts needed for unemployment insurance have to be raised through higher taxes; many people now out of work, cannot pay and do not have to pay this tax, so that the largest part of the burden is transferred to the broad shoulders of business and industry. The latter are by now taxed to such an extent that they actually stagger under the

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weight; to get some relief they cut down on wages and discharge labor wherever this is possible.

As such procedure leads to more unemployment it is easy to see that the German and, in a broader sense, the European unemployment problem is running around in circles. The government is right (from the humane point of view) if it insists that the unemployed have to be helped. The manufacturers, the merchants, the financiers are right (from the business point of view) in maintaining that they can pay the taxes only if they reduce the wages, or that they are willing to grant the demand of higher wages—so that people can take care of themselves—if the tax is abolished. And now it is suggested that the wonderfully progressive unemployment insurance scheme be imported from Europe and bestowed upon the American people as a Christmas present!

It seems clear from the above that the problem of unemployment cannot be solved by the principles of humanitarianism; this would be as hard as trying to build up a business in, let us say, radio apparatus by giving the competitors all the big chances. Neither will an attempt at a businesslike solution be successful, for in this case all the men who have been displaced by machines would have to be exported or done away with in a similarly impossible manner. The law of charity, of love toward your neighbor, of an appreciation of his rights cannot be wholly ignored. Stripped down to its essentials, the problem of unemployment presents itself as a combination of business rights and humane duties, including the necessity of preserving the buying power.

It thus becomes clear at this point that the humanitarians in Europe and the business men in the United States have worked overtime; both have so far failed in their respective attempts. In Europe men were, at the time of the introduction of social insurance, grossly underpaid so that they could not care for their own needs in times of economic distress. Therefore, the government took the reins and business assumed a generous share of the financial responsibility. In the United States wages have been high enough so that substantial saving could have been made; yet, practically all the income was spent freely, perhaps carelessly, so that there were only small funds, if any, available at the critical moment.

Heated discussions, as they can be read day in and day out in the American press, follow two distinct tendencies: some say the unemployed must be helped, no matter what the effect on business (we have seen where this attitude leads); others again maintain that American industry cannot prosper if several million men and women are out of work and unable to buy, and therefore these unemployed have to be assured of a certain, if small, income. Both advocate the same theory that, for humanitarian or for business reasons, such a condition as prevails today in the United States, cannot stand for any length of time. Which is the best way out of this dilemma? The European experiment has shown how not to do it, and it is now up to the American people and their representatives in the field of economics and politics to find the better way—the right way—which, no doubt, is the middle path between what has been done in Europe and what has not been done in the United States.

In unexplored territory it has proved a wise custom to proceed with caution; not only are extremes costly but it is easier to steer into them than out of them. It is therefore safe to assume that federal unemployment insurance should not be the first step if, indeed, it is taken at all. And this for the simple reason that business is first of all responsible for the present extent of unemployment and therefore should have the first chance to make good on the damage done. If Mr. Smith has done all the plumbing work in my house and if something goes wrong, he would, naturally, be the first man I would call on. This is as true of my automobile dealer and the insurance agent as it is of the laundry and the Edison Company. Then, why take the unemployment problem as a whole, instead of analyzing it and reducing it to the roots out of which it has grown to its present extent?

There are, for instance, many thousand men who have been working for ten years or more in factories or offices, only to face the loss of their position. This is a case in which the humane and the business points of view are equally ignored: the former because an old man, usually with a family behind him, is entitled to some consideration; the latter because any well-managed organization carries a depreciation fund for machinery and equipment, and if the same system is not applied to human labor, this is poor business policy since it leaves the important and expensive item of shift of labor out of consideration. The system of pension funds is undoubtedly of outstanding importance since it protects not only the rights of the individual workman but likewise the interests of the employer—be it with regard to steadiness of employment, to gradually increasing skill and efficiency or to a greater amount of satisfaction and therefore more diligence and care on the part of the employee who, naturally, would be careful not to violate the safeguarding rules usually attached to a long-term contract. The fact that the European governments have taken full possession of unemployment insurance has proved a serious handicap to the introduction of pension funds; but it would seem wiser to let the business men try their hand first before blocking the way to an industrial or, let us call it, economic effort on the part of the employers, by passing the problem to the government.

Then there are uncounted thousands who are employed on part time; these, strictly speaking, cannot be considered a part of the unemployment problem as they have a certain income and might at any time be put on full-time schedule. Then there are the thousands of men over forty who are denied recognition by the solid front of employers, be it in the field of industry, commerce, mining, transportation, etc. The man over

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forty will not profit from any pension fund which may be made a law in the future; he has to rely on a belated recognition of his past efforts, and this can come from the government only, through old-age insurance.

The elimination of these three groups—the long-term workers, the part-time workers and the men over forty—reduces the unemployment problem to its essentials. The men and women who are left are young, capable and efficient, but are up against the peculiar economic development which has created large-scale unemployment: mechanization of factories and the introduction of labor-saving devices and methods which make for reduced production cost but also for a reduced working staff. The five-day week and, later perhaps, the six-hour day has not without reason been given as a solution for this problem.

In spite of the many references that have been made to unemployment insurance in Europe it is interesting to note that the actual steps taken in the United States point in a quite different direction. Unemployment insurance bills were introduced into their respective legislatures in: Wisconsin in February, 1921, by Senator Huber; New York in February, 1921, by Assemblyman Orr; Pennsylvania in March, 1921, by Representative Miller; Massachusetts in January, 1922, by Representative Shattuck; and Minnesota in 1923, by Senator Boylan.

All these bills were modeled on the Wisconsin bill drawn up by Professor John R. Commons of Wisconsin University; they mainly provide that the funds for insurance benefit be paid entirely by the employer; that the maximum weekly payment should be $9.00 ($1.50 per day); that in no case should they go above two-thirds of the wage; that the maximum yearly payment should be thirteen weeks; and, finally, that a waiting period of from three to six days should be fixed before actual payments would start. None of the measures, however, was passed.

Among other efforts to meet the unemployment problem may be mentioned the measure initiated by Miss Frances Perkins, New York State's Industrial Commissioner. This consisted in a plan for emergency expansion of the State Labor Department's public employment service with the transfer of 108 employees to that service from other bureaus. While no jobs are created in this way, existing opportunities are thoroughly canvassed and organized—by no means a small help in the present, rather confused situation.

Another remedy frequently suggested is the planning of production schedule in line with consumers' demand; such a tendency would be strictly opposed by the manufacturers who want to make the most out of their factories' capacity and by the financiers who want to invest their money. The stabilizing of price levels which is also proposed, would have no direct bearing on the unemployment question. Other possibilities are: the General Electric scheme, where the firm as well as the employees contribute to the insurance fund; the system of Proctor and Gamble, which guarantees forty-eight weeks of steady employment during the year; the five Fond du Lac concerns (Wisconsin), which guarantee steady all-year work in any one of the five units or even outside these concerns by means of exchange of labor.

In this connection mention should be made of the fact that the National Association of Manufacturers has recently shown considerable interest in the proposals advanced, has promised to study them carefully and, in general, has disclosed an attitude which may foreshadow a change from indifference in unemployment matters to actual coöperation. To round out the picture, the Senate Committee on Labor, headed by Couzens of Michigan, has decided on the La Follette resolution of inquiry: that government interference in the establishing and directing of unemployment insurance was neither necessary nor advisable; that times and conditions in this country were not such as to warrant systems of unemployment insurance in vogue under foreign governments; that private employers should see to a solution of the problem of unemployment insurance.

This is how matters stand. But the fact remains that neither insurance on a wholesale basis nor doles can solve the problem. It is also true that if industry fails to come through with effective measures, politics will come into play through the pressure of public opinion. The inadequacy of purely federal measures, however, has sufficiently been shown by the European example. Not government action but business action (perhaps with governmental support) shows the way out of unemployment; Europe will not solve the puzzle, but the initiative of America herself, if business will swing into action.

Catalina

Catalina sings when she goes to the mountain.
Catalina sings when she stops at the fountain.
Catalina's eyes hold the sparkle of the sea
And fresh are her lips, fresh as cherries on a tree.

Catalina carries stalks of *azucenas,*
And drives a milk-white burro, called *Muchas Penas,*
Loaded down with mangoes and baskets of gay fruit.
Catalina calls, "Who'll buy?"—rippling like a lute.

Catalina's lilies the people crowd to buy,
Catalina says, "Can't sell," and they wonder why.
They offer many pesos—bid the dearest price.
Catalina shakes her head, "Lilies are too nice."

Catalina gathers her stalks of *azucenas,*
Speaks in dulcet tones to patient *Muchas Penas.*
Having sold her glowing fruit, waving, she departs;
Leaving sighing swains, with their money and their hearts.

Catalina's lilies drop at the Virgin's feet,
With such a little prayer, made in accents sweet.
Catalina sings when she comes from the mountain.
Catalina sings when she stops at the fountain.

M. Judith Scruggs.

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GERMANY AT LOW TIDE

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

EVEN yet Germany does not look poor. A nation, the political affairs of which are in a state of literally indescribable chaos, nevertheless manages to keep its ageing buildings in decent repair, to dress its children soberly and to go about its business with normal earnestness. But evidences of business depression, more marked here possibly than in any other country, cannot be hidden away. First come the figures for industrial and financial recession. Though the German trade balance for September shows a considerable excess of exports over imports, the reason is entirely due to lessened domestic purchasing power. Almost every large enterprise—ship-building, automotive industry, steel—is relatively stagnant. Tax receipts have therefore diminished to such an extent that the recession to be expected during the coming year is estimated at a billion marks. Hand in hand with this there has gone an increasing tendency among investors to place their funds outside Germany. That means, of course, a lack of confidence in the economic future of the country and an unwillingness to share its destiny.

Loss of confidence, inspired at least in a measure by the industrial situation, is the key to current political happenings. The Reichstag opened with a virtual thunder-storm. Not a few disorderly incidents revealed the drift of public opinion to extreme conclusions. The Communists are by all odds the most colorful offenders. Day in and day out they bombard the government with protests and catcalls. Their meetings end constantly in brushes with the police, during which shots are fired and beer bottles thrown. Almost every morning the newspapers likewise report some clash between the supporters of Herr Hitler and the still more belligerent disciples of Karl Marx. Socially speaking, the first seem comparatively harmless. A group of them attacked the large department stores in the Leipziger Strasse—Berlin's most brilliant shopping thoroughfare—smashing windows and beating off the police. But this rioting crowd might have reminded an American of some excited college throng anxious to get even with a hated enemy. The strength of the Hitlerite party lies in its ability to recruit youth dissatisfied with many things, and unwilling above all to face ten more years such as those just past, without the promise of tangible results. It is the danger of a possibly Communistic Germany which just now gives one concern. And from this point of view, at least, Herr Hitler is a blessing.

The gap between the extremes is perilously narrow. Gone, for the time being, is Germany's old "liberal" party which had given Stresemann to his country and the world. Some of the factions of the Right are moderate only because they are not yet willing to adopt a Fascist program; the Social-Democratic party is moderate only because of its opposition to the Communist scheme. The only genuinely effective spokesmen for what we may term "democratic liberalism" yet remaining are the Centrists. Round them the groups willing to conserve the existing form of government have rallied, giving Chancellor Bruening the opportunity to undertake a possibly final defense of the régime. His address is now sufficiently well-known not to require exposition here, but in view of the stress it lays upon financial reform one may revert appropriately to this plan, first offered in full during the summer and then held up by the dissolution of the Reichstag. Here is the leg upon which the government stands—far from comfortably, to be sure. The prizes to be gained are a restoration of confidence in Germany's ability to conduct her business wisely and profitably, as well as a new allowance of credit from foreign bankers.

In order to secure these advantages, however, sacrifices must be demanded from all sections of the population. To begin with, salaries of public officials are to be cut rather heavily, the reductions amounting in some instances to 20 percent. Next come wages, which in most instances are practically fixed by agreements underwritten by the government. It is proposed to cut both these and prices to near the levels prevailing in 1927, so that German industry may be in a better position to compete with problems of world marketing. Finally, the duty of collecting and distributing local state and community taxes is to be taken in large measure from the federal government—a decentralizing movement which has hitherto been exceedingly unpopular. Whether these proposals can be made acceptable to public opinion or to the Reichstag is a question nobody can answer. The varying responses to it have divided the German body politic as it has probably never been divided before.

It is an interesting situation, the international effects of which may be tremendous. We are virtually witnessing the evolution of a country which is being supported by foreign credit in order to enable it to meet its obligations. Nothing of the kind has ever been attempted, and the experiment may fail. For the moment, however, the moral effect of existing circumstances upon the people of Germany is perhaps most worth watching. The recrudescence of a "nationalism of despair" expressing itself in willingness to repudiate obligations and to risk war has built round about itself a whole moral philosophy. This fact is reckoned with in the opinion expressed by the Bishop of Mayence regarding Catholic allegiance to Hitler. The bishop declared that no practical Catholic could adhere to the National-Socialist movement because this opposed not merely the international Church but also fundamental

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Christian moral doctrine anent the equality of races in the sight of God. Like the ultra-nationalism of France and the Ku-Klux-Klanism of the United States, Hitlerism proceeds to ethical and religious conclusions of the gravest import. Just now Germany seems to be a place in which everything is under discussion and everything under fire. None the less, as has been said, the stairways are scrubbed, the clothes mended, the children got off to school. Fundamentally, the German is still the best regulated—and most regular—citizen in the world.

GOLDSMITH THE ESSAYIST

By PADRAIC COLUM

GOLDSMITH was already an essayist when he left the Irish countryside. Letters written by him while he was a student to a cousin or an uncle are essays: they have entertaining layout, they have observation, and they project the sort of personality that the writer desires to project. He was no unpractised penman at the time; a prodigy, he had been encouraged to write verse and prose from childhood days, and encouraged, too, to dramatize himself as a simple but witty commentator. He had in his mind the form of the essay as established by "The Spectator." And he knew French writers well and was able to assimilate them. At the time of his writing from Edinburgh or Leyden he had accomplishment that made him superior to writers of formless, long-winded effusions that were essays for all who were not the peers of "The Spectator."

Later, with Lamb, the essay became a sort of confession, but in the eighteenth century the essay was for public improvement; it was directed toward the refinement of public opinion, and private feelings were made subordinate in it. The problem for the periodical writer was to find a vehicle that would carry entertainment with social criticism. Goldsmith, after he had written "An Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe," and the essays for "The Bee," and "The Life of Richard Nash," found, or rather took over such a vehicle. He began to write his "Letters of a Citizen of the World to His Friends in the East." His Chinese Philosopher is taken over from certain French writers; a recent investigator, Arthur Lytton Sells, has been able to show that Goldsmith's Citizen of the World often uses the very words of D'Argens's Chinese or of Montesquieu's Persian Traveler.

The papers contributed to periodicals amount to upward of three hundred essays, and of these more than a score are entertaining to readers of today. What is the preservative that has kept them fresh for us? Naturalness going with vivacity and finding an unlaborious and unaffected way of making clear sentences; the power too of taking possession of a scene or a character.

It is by this power that Goldsmith, in his best essays, separates himself from the essayists of Queen Anne's time. For them the scene or the character exists for the comment they make on one or the other. But Goldsmith can present a scene or a character in a way that makes his comment superfluous. He does this when he relates the history of a starveling strolling player whom he meets in St. James's Park, when he takes us to the club at which a poet strives to get an audience for his epic poem by depositing sixpence, when he presents Beau Tibbs to us, when he gives us the eatables and drinkables and the conversation of the reverend guests at a visitation dinner, or when he tells us of the philosophy of "a poor fellow begging at one of the outlets of this town, with a wooden leg."

Addison would have the poor and the outcast look to the parish relief officers and not trouble people who could afford to have "The Spectator" with their tea and bread and butter. For Steele, a wretched man could point a literary moral—"The Strings of the heart, which are to be touched to give us Compassion, are not so played on but by the finest Hand. We see in Tragical Representations, it is not the Pomp of Language, or Magnificence of Dress, in which the Passion is wrought that touches sensible Spirits, but something of a plain and simple Nature which breaks in upon our Souls, by that Sympathy which is given us for our mutual Good-will and Service." And this moral comes from the fact that "I observ'd a noisy impudent Beggar bawl out, That he was wounded in a Merchantman, That he had lost his poor Limbs, and showed a Leg clouted up," and contrasted him with "a poor Fellow at the End of the Passage, with a rusty Coat, a melancholy Air, and a soft Voice," who desired the passers-by to his gain, "to look upon a Man not used to beg."

Compared to such moralizing, how real is the feeling that fills the essay that is toward the close of the "Letters of the Citizen of the World"—the feeling for the disinherited. "The clock has struck two, the expiring taper rises and sinks in the socket, the watchman forgets the hour in slumber, the laborious and the happy are at rest, and nothing wakes but madness, guilt, revelry and despair." Goldsmith looks upon those who make the street their couch and find short repose at the doors of the rich. "These are strangers, wanderers and orphans," he cries, "whose circumstances are too humble to expect redress and whose distresses are too great even for pity. Their wretchedness excites rather horror than pity. Some are without covering even of rags, and others emaciated with disease; the world has disclaimed them; society turns its back upon their distress, and has given them over to nakedness and hunger." "Poor houseless creatures!" he cries, realizing he can give them no relief, "the world will give you reproaches, but will not give you relief. The slightest misfortune of the great, the most imaginary uneasiness of the rich, are aggravated with all the power of eloquence, and held up to engage our attention and sympathetic sorrow. The poor weep unheeded, persecuted by every subordinate species of tyranny; and every law which gives others security becomes an enemy to them."

Even in his "History of Animated Nature," Goldsmith has to speak of those whom society has neglected. He knows that they live in "a state of precarious expectation," that this wears them down so that, in the end they die of something other than hunger. "Some cruel disorder, but no way like hunger, seizes the unhappy sufferer; so that almost all those men who have thus long lived by chance, and whose every day may be considered as an happy escape from famine, are known at last to die in reality of a disorder caused by hunger; but which in the common language, is often called a broken heart." He knew such victims when very little able to relieve them, he says. And he has heard from a worthy magistrate that the number of such as die for want in the London of the time "is much greater than one would imagine—I think he talked of two thousand in a year!"

Goldsmith anticipated a prison system in which there should be rewards as well as punishments, and he advocated a relaxation in the penal code. He knew society better than the Horace Walpoles who doubted his common sense. His political judgments would have given Burke the reputation of being the master of political reality: thirty years before their revolution,

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he showed that the French were vindicating themselves as to liberty. He foretold that the consolidation of the Russian Empire would be a menace to the liberties of the western nations. He watched the game running tame about the environs of Paris, and he observed that it was significant, not of social security, but of social decay. Unlike the greatest of his associates, he was not enclosed in his own epoch; he felt the tremor of the coming revolution. "He was a strong republican in principle," said the daughter of Lord Clare, and she added that Goldsmith would have become "a very dangerous writer" had he lived down to the time of the French Revolution. He would never consent to belittle genius. When Reynolds made a foolish anti-Voltairean manifesto in paint, Goldsmith rebuked him. "It very ill becomes a man of your eminence to debase so high a genius as Voltaire before so mean a writer as Beattie. Beattie and his book will be forgotten in ten years, while Voltaire's fame will last forever. Take care it does not perpetuate this picture to the shame of such a man as you."

His political histories and his natural histories may be inaccurate, but they are not false as "Taxation No Tyranny" and "The False Alarm" are false. He labored at his histories when he might have drawn easy pay by writing venal pamphlets. Mr. Basil Montague, who called to offer him carte blanche, was astonished and indeed made indignant by his refusal to write in support of the administration. Mr. Basil Montague heard Goldsmith's declaration of independence and wrote him down as absurd. But we can admire the man who, living among the beggars in Ax Lane, could discipline himself to "strike for honest fame"; who, knowing the hunger that breaks the spirit and the heart, could yet remain cheerful, patient, amiable.

GLEANINGS IN FAR FIELDS

By J. C. WALSH

THE DAY I visited the hill of Tara there was an old gentleman there, John Graham by name, who acted as guide, and while there was a lot about the monuments and antiquities of Tara he did not know, he used one phrase that lingered in my mind. On my asking him the name of a hill in the distance he replied: "Slane. The lordly hill of Tara and the royal hill of Slane." No doubt it struck me as an inversion in terms, but I had no idea that Mr. Graham could satisfy my doubt, and yet had a feeling that the expression was more likely to have been transmitted to him than invented by him. The air in Ireland is charged with tradition, and anyone who dismisses a tradition merely because of surface improbability is certain, sooner or later, to be sorry.

I see now where Mr. Graham got it. The letters written by John O'Donovan from Meath in 1836, when he was correcting the place names written by the surveyors for the ordnance map, have just been published, and in one of them he quotes from a still earlier "Post Chaise Companion," by way of substantiating one tradition about Slane:

"This abbey of canons regular was founded in a very early age on a hill at some distance from the hermitage, and was for many years the residence of a royal prince, for Dagobert, King of Austrasia (western France), when only seven years old, was taken by Grimvald, Mayor of the Palace, and by his direction was shorn as a monk, rendered thus unfit to hold the reins of government, and banished into Ireland. He was received into this abbey, where he was given an education proper for the enjoyment of a throne. He continued here twenty years, when he was recalled into France and replaced in his government." And it is further said that under a stone near by, bearing the lilies of France, was buried a son of Dagobert, who died while studying at the same school.

Is it all an invention? I can only say that when, a few months ago, I was rummaging among old French records, I came upon another story about Dagobert which makes this one look probable enough. He had established his rule over much of France, where he is still, in song at least, "the good King Dagobert" (although some of his acts would not rate as extra good), and, along about the year 625, got news of some excitement down toward Gascony, and beyond. So he sent one of his leaders, named Maldegar, down to see about it. And the annalist says that he was not sent to Hibernia, as has been told, for Dagobert had no dominion over that country, but to Iberia, which is the most northern region of Spain. But it is added that when Maldegar had finished his business there he returned to the north by way of Hibernia, King Dagobert having ordered him to go there and bring back some of the Irish holy men, for the education of the people and the betterment of society.

Maldegar did, in fact, take with him to France five holy men, including Saint Ultan of Ardbraccan in the land of Meath, still remembered in Ireland for his devotion to little children orphaned by the plague. In what I have seen in recent Irish writings about Saint Ultan there is no mention of his having gone to France. Another of the group was Saint Eloque, who became abbot of Walcourt. It is not said that he was later bishop of Antwerp, but one would like to think he may have been the "bon Saint Eloi" of that see, whose name has also survived the song as the friend and adviser of the king, and whom all "wisecrackers" might well adopt as their patron saint. At any rate, the fact that Dagobert sent Maldegar to Meath is fair circumstantial evidence that he knew something about the place, and goes far to justify the tradition.

* * *

Another interesting item culled from these old French records has to do with Saint Patrick, for either he or a contemporary of the same name was bishop of Bayeux in Normandy. It was not Normandy then, for the Northmen did not arrive for another five hundred years. Indeed the Roman Empire had not yet broken up. There is some controversy on the point whether there was one Patrick or whether there were two. In Bayeux they held to it that there was but one, and they were so positive about it that part of the city was called "Irlande" in his honor, and people inhabiting the ward were called "d'Irlande." But in Lisieux they think differently, for there they say the Patrick who was bishop of Bayeux and Lisieux was buried in the cathedral of Lisieux, whereas the Irish saint is supposed to have been buried at Downpatrick in Ireland, John de Courcy having found his grave there just before 1200. Whether the two traditions can be reconciled, as by the interment of the body in one place and the heart in another, a practice familiar in the middle ages and which only ended with Daniel O'Connell, is probably past finding out. But the Bayeux tradition somehow seems to fit with a story told me by a friend who, having been told that Saint Bridget was honored in the home of Saint Martin of Tours, saw, when he entered the cathedral of Tours, the familiar figure of Saint Patrick himself in a window in that church.

* * *

Neither have I seen, except in these old French records, anything about the final resting-place of Saint Lawrence O'Toole, the last archbishop of Dublin before Strongbow's invasion and the first during his occupation. It seems that Saint

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Lawrence, having been to Rome, and being on the way back to his own country, sought refuge in a monastery at Eu, in Normandy, not far from one of several ports from which he might have sailed. His first words to the brethren indicated that he knew his race was run, and in a few days he died. For centuries the utmost regard was shown for his remains. Three times they were removed to a position of greater honor, the last being immediately before the high altar. Curiously enough, Eu has its place in the history of the family of Clare, Strongbow's house.

Things being as they are on Broadway, I cannot resist the temptation to include, by way of "l'envoi," a verse that was recited from the steeple of the church of Gournay-sur-Epte, at half past one in the morning, from the time, in 1064, it was ordered to be done by the then bishop of Cambrai, and for many centuries after:

"Reveillez-vous, gens qui dormez,
Pensez qu'un jour vous mourrez,
Priez Dieu pour les trépasses."

Or as one might say, "Sleepers awake, some day you'll die, pray God for all who have gone that way." The book does not say anything about the number who made a habit of waking at the end of their beauty sleep to listen, but then what do we really know of the working of the popular mind in the ages of faith?

COMMUNICATIONS

THE SEMINAR IN THE CARIBBEAN

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: A venture of high significance and importance in international relations is being realized this coming February. Latin America has been, through the last years, of increasing interest and concern. Are we in the United States going to be intelligent on questions of vital economic, educational and international import? The Committee on Cultural Relatons with Latin America, after a year's study of this question, is now announcing the first annual session of the Seminar in the Caribbean.

The members of the Seminar will sail from New York on the S.S. Caledonia, February 14, 1931. Visits will be made to San Juan, Porto Rico; Santo Domingo; Colon, Canal Zone; Kingston, Jamaica; Port-au-Prince, Haiti; and Havana, Cuba. They will return to New York on March 4.

We have enlisted a group of able lecturers and leaders of round-table discussions: Dr. Ernest Gruening, Dr. E. C. Lindeman, Dr. Leland Jenks, Dr. Samuel Guy Inman, Mr. Charles Thomson and Mr. Carleton Beals. Distinguished Latin Americans, as Dr. Fernando Ortiz of Cuba and Dr. Moises Saenz of Mexico, are also expected to participate.

Seminar programs are being arranged in San Juan, Santo Domingo, Port-au-Prince and Cuba. There will be conferences with the leaders of the countries visited and visits to educational institutions, social work agencies, etc.

The Seminar in the Caribbean is being established by the committee, which has held the Seminar in Mexico annually since 1926. Over four hundred men and women have participated in the sessions in Mexico.

Applications for membership and requests for further information should be addressed to the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, 112 East 19th Street, New York City.

HUBERT C. HERRING.

A MAP FOR MILITARISTS

Dorchester, Mass.

TO the Editor: Outside the field of religious thought no other suggestion has been made less likely to be adopted than one in my letter of October 18, viz.: that war be confined to certain lonely spots in the desert and on the ocean yet one would think that a society wholly given over to the pursuit of riches might welcome a rule that war be fought upon the "sound economic principle" of preventing loss of property while pursuing the very human pastime of mass killing.

Now, to those who for one reason or another, or none, reject this place limitation, the alternative of a time limitation is presented, one which is neither economic nor original, viz.: that of week-end holidays during which no fighting will be permitted, say from Thursday night to the following Tuesday morning. The origin of this suggestion will suffice to cause its rejection now, for it is reminiscent of an age when God's writ ran throughout the nations and fighting men observed the Truce of God.

The restoration of order in the world by means of an awakened conscience, plus an obedient will, a will not only to avoid but to prevent violation of God's justice, is the only road to peace, and it is a very foolish world which thinks to find some other road just as good, for all other roads end in the dismal swamp of human passions.

It looks as if the League of Nations, perhaps also the three-power sea control, will find plenty to do watching events in China, Russia, India, Palestine, Germany, France, Italy, Brazil, Argentina and a few places besides. Or will they simply shut their eyes and forget about it, following the easy-going philosophy that "nothing is bad but thinking makes it so"?

Perhaps, after another Armageddon or two, the world will decide to salvage the wreck of civilization, rebuilding it by conceding the necessity of unity through some common bond, which bond if sought will be found. And if eventually—?

CHRISTOPHER I. FITZGERALD.

A HUMBLE PLEA FOR HISTORY

Limerick, Me.

TO the Editor: In your issue of October 29, sent me by a friend, I find a letter of interest on the misrepresentation of French history in moving pictures. I wonder if you will be interested in a side-light on the "Let-them-eat-cake" story about Marie Antoinette? It is, I think, more interesting as well as more plausible than the popular slurring story.

In the fairy-tale world one may notice that whether the story is French, German or English, the peasant in the cabin has "cakes" for his provision, while the luxurious nobleman has on his table "fine white bread." Oven-baked bread was something people had when they could patronize the village baker, or had ovens of their own built into the cottage wall, and even then it was usually "black bread" or brown leaves of mixed grain; white bread was for feast days and the peasant rarely tasted it at all in the days when fairy-tales were made. But the flat cake made of meal, salt and water and baked on a flat stone or iron plate, without leaven, was the common bread that anybody could have. The "cakes" the good mother gives to her boy when he leaves home to seek his fortune are what the Scotch call "scones," baked at an open fire.

Now it was the custom in court and castle kitchens, when white bread was to be baked, to stir up a thick dough of meal and salt and water, using rye, graham or oaten meal or a

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mixture of whatever was the common brown flour, and spread it over the brick floor of the oven before putting in the white loaves and wheaten rolls, so that the latter would not bake too suddenly and come out with a black hard crust on the bottom, and still the oven would be hot enough to provide the strong even heat necessary to perfect bread. No tins or plates were used in those days; the bread was molded into loaves and baked on the floor of the oven. Sometimes children in the fall gathered stores of dry leaves to cover this floor and shield the loaves; that was done in pioneer days in this country. But in the well-organized royal bakery of such a queen as Maria Theresa the brown-bread "cake" would be under the white loaves, and when the baking was done it would be scraped off and the broken pieces put into baskets to give to the poor. This coarse bread, when a household included scores and even hundreds of courtiers, guests, servants, retainers, would be an important item in almsgiving.

When Marie Antoinette heard that the poor people of Paris were rioting because they had no bread, her natural and very sensible inquiry, as a daughter of the thrifty Austrian empress, was, "But have they not the cake from the ovens? Let them have that." In a city like Paris, crowded with palaces, surely no one need go hungry who would eat the coarse "cake" that was always given away.

L. LAMPREY.

MEDICAL MISSIONS

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: In THE COMMONWEAL of October 29, I read with interest Mr. Bowen's article on "Medical Missions." As the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries of Brookland, Washington, D. C., is mentioned as one of the efforts to bring profesional medical aid into the mission field, a more specific explanation of its organization may be of interest to your readers. The society is a canonically established community of women, whose members live in common, like religious, and who bind themselves to remain in the society and observe the evangelical counsels for definite periods.

The reason the society was so organized is to provide its members with the spiritual helps and safeguards which a religious community gives and at the same time enable them to practise the medical and nursing professions in their full scope, including surgery and obstetrics, in which religious with public vows are restricted.

Three kinds of candidates are admitted: (1) women doctors, dentists, pharmacists, nurses, technicians, etc., who are graduates of recognized schools; (2) young women who wish to take up any of the above professions for the purpose of devoting their lives to the care of the sick in the missions; (3) non-medical members for the non-medical work inevitably connected with the mother house and hospitals and other medical institutions in the field, e.g., for social service or secretarial work, housekeeping, etc. The society now conducts a hospital and small training school for native nurses in the Punjab and in the Holy Cross diocese of Dacca Bengal, two maternity and child-welfare centers where the training of native midwives is one of the activities. The society is asked to undertake several hospitals in India and Africa.

A native Chinese bishop writes: "Here unspeakable good could be done, countless souls saved by the medical apostolate. But we are a very, very poor native mission. (I was consecrated by His Holiness's own hands in 1927.) Would your Sisters come to north China, open a dispensary (in the beginning) in our town, train native nurses, especially some of our Chinese Sisters, the Sisters of the Little Flower, and then go from village to village, from home to home, bringing medical aid and doing also obstetrical work? Of course it would be hard work. Here the winter is cold enough and the summer very hot. Journeys are not at all comfortable and the people are poor and dirty. But, oh doctor, what a lot of good could be done! Really, it is unspeakable. Could that be planned? How and when? A word of encouragement would give the utmost consolation."

Doctors and nurses willing to put their profession in the service of God would find undreamed of apostolic and professional scope in the missions.

Recently the Holy Father in a private audience granted to our missionaries said: "It is my great desire to have and to foster public interest in medical missions." Mr. Bowen's article in your esteemed paper will certainly contribute toward the carrying out of the Holy Father's wish.

ANNA DENGEL.

CHESS

Cincinnati, Ohio.

TO the Editor: The article on "Chess" by Claude Bragdon in your issue of October 29 was very interesting; but then chess is like love—to those who play the game, it is almost impossible for a writer to be dull on the subject. I note, however, that Mr. Bragdon brings in the familiar comparison of chess with war and states that the parallel between the two "has been worked out with such exactitude that a knowledge of the game is made compulsory in many military schools and colleges."

Now, if this parallel were sound, one would rather expect to find among the experts of the game great military leaders and strategists and particularly the greatest captain and most brilliant strategist of them all—Napoleon. As to the chess proficiency of great military leaders in general, my knowledge is merely negative, i.e., though there may have been some who were adepts, I do not know of any who rose above mediocrity; but with regard to Napoleon my knowledge is more positive—he was in fact a rather poor player, as will be noted from the quotation below. This extract is taken from the "Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte" by Bourienne, the schoolmate and later the intimate friend and private secretary of Napoleon from the end of the Italian campaigns in 1797 till 1802. Curiously enough, I happened on this passage just before reading Mr. Bragdon's article. It will be noted that Bourienne, like the present writer, questions the comparison of chess with war, with which he had a close and extensive experience.

After discussing Bonaparte as a card-player, in which rôle he was very fond of cheating, "though he never appropriated to himself the fruit of these little dishonesties—gain was not his object," Bourienne goes on to say:

"Bonaparte also played at chess, but very seldom, because he was only a third-rate player, and he did not like to be beaten at that game, which, I know not why, is said to bear a resemblance to the grand game of war. At this latter game Bonaparte certainly feared no adversary. This reminds me that when we were leaving Passeriano he announced his intention of passing through Mantua. He was told that the commandant of that town, I believe General Beauvoir, was a great chess-player, and he expressed a wish to play a game with him. General Beauvoir asked him to point out any particular pawn with which he would be checkmated; adding that if the pawn were taken, he, Bonaparte, should be declared the winner.

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Bonaparte pointed out the last pawn on the left of his adversary. A mark was put upon it, and it turned out that he actually was checkmated with that very pawn. Bonaparte was not very well pleased at this. He liked to play with me because, though rather a better player than himself, I was not always able to beat him. As soon as a game was decided in his favor, he declined playing any longer, preferring to rest on his laurels."

Concerning the parallel itself, for every similarity that may be discovered between chess and war, at least five dissimilarities may be urged against it. To mention only one, there is the primary dissimilarity that, at the beginning of an engagement, in chess both sides have exactly the same strength, not only in the number and kind of their forces, but also in the exactly similar disposition of those forces on the field, whereas in war there has probably never been a battle where either one or the other of the combatants has not had a marked superiority either in numbers, in variety of force or equipment, or in position. Certainly it is impossible even to imagine a battle where, as in chess, both combatants began with exactly the same advantages in all three respects.

JOHN BUNKER.

SPEAKING OF MURDER

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: The editorial in your issue of November 5 has just been brought to my attention. Surely you must be aware that it is impossible for the head of a publishing house engaged in a peculiarly intricate and difficult business to keep in touch with all the multifarious details of the work of various departments. Would it not have been fair and wise before printing your savage attack upon the heads of this house to ascertain whether they deserved the caustic criticism given them by you? A call on the telephone would have sufficed for this purpose.

As a matter of plain fact, I knew nothing of the wording which you criticize until I happened to catch it in one of the first advertisements of "Sins of New York." Immediately on so doing I expressed my disapproval and requested that a change be made in future advertising, and this has been done and will be done. Our advertising department explains that it was thought that no one could possibly take the advertisement seriously.

I thank you for your reference to this company as a "distinguished house" and to its heads as "unquestioned gentlemen," but why qualify your statement as to our respectability?

I feel that you owe me an apology and look forward to seeing it given as much prominence as that provided for the editorial attacking us.

FREDERICK A. STOKES,
President, Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The title "Sins of New York," which cannot have failed to be brought to Mr. Stokes's attention, gives, we believe, the key to the above issue which involves, more than wording, what is to be respectable matter for our laughter. We are sorry that the advertisement in question which spoke of sins, murders and hangings as "such glorious fun," and to which we took exception, was not brought to his personal attention before publication, for undoubtedly it would then have been promptly squelched, as happened when he did see it. The responsibility for an objectionable advertisement, of course, must be borne by the organization under whose name it appears.—The Editors.

THE GREAT BASILICAS OF ASSISI

Kansas City, Mo.

TO the Editor: Permit me to say that after reading the editorial, entitled, "Another Poverella," in THE COMMONWEAL of October 29, apropos of the recent royal Italian and Bulgarian marriage, some confusion remains in my mind as to your identification of the marriage place.

According to press accounts, the marriage was celebrated in the upper church of the basilica of Saint Francis at Assisi. This basilica was begun some time after the death of the saint. During the life of Saint Francis, this site was a lonely and forsaken hill, as it was the place of execution of criminals. The humility of Saint Francis caused him to request on his deathbed to be buried in this spot of ill-repute. Two years after the death of Saint Francis, Pope Gregory IX canonized the "Poor Man of God," in the church of Saint George at Assissi, where his body had been placed provisionally, now the site of the church of Saint Clare and the burial place of Saint Clare, the foundress of the Poor Clares. The Pope also blessed the first stone of the basilica of Saint Francis. The saint is buried in the crypt of the basilica, his remains having been transferred there in 1230, and remained hidden till 1818. The low and upper churches are beautifully decorated with frescoes by Giotto. The one depicting Saint Francis preaching to the birds is often reproduced.

History tells us that Saint Francis restored with his own hands the church of Saint Damian at Assisi and also the chapel of the Portiuncula. The latter is located in the valley, a short distance from Assisi, and the tiny chapel has been enclosed by the great basilica, named Saint Mary of the Angels. The hut in which Saint Francis died has been made into a chapel and forms part of this basilica. In the time of Saint Francis, the Portiuncula chapel and the huts were in a dense forest. Many changes have been made but this "little portion," Portiuncula having that meaning, was greatly beloved by the humble Friar. The chapel is directly beneath the cupola of the basilica and near by there is a papal altar.

Thus the basilica of Saint Francis, in Assisi, in the crypt of which the saint is buried, and the basilica of Saint Mary of the Angels, which encloses the chapel of the Portiuncula and the hut in which Saint Francis died, are two distinct and separate churches, located some miles apart. The former is built on a high hill, while the latter is in the valley. Both enjoy together the title of "Head and Mother of the Friars Minor."

All this is aside from the substance of your editorial as to the universality of the membership of the Third Order of Saint Francis, but it may perhaps clarify the locations of the great basilicas of Assisi.

MARGARET C. O'RIELLY.

SUFFERING THE LITTLE ONES

Indiana.

TO the Editor: "Luck," in THE COMMONWEAL of September 24, seems optimistic concerning Catholics in good circumstances coming to the rescue of our Catholic schools. Would that I could think the same. I know of a most deserving Catholic school that is in great need of a comparatively small sum of ready money in order "to carry on," and no one seems interested. Particulars would be given if anyone reading this is interested.

K.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Elizabeth the Queen

MAXWELL ANDERSON, who has contributed much of promise to the stage in recent years, both alone and in collaboration with Laurence Stallings, is the author of the second Theatre Guild production of the season—"Elizabeth the Queen." Except for occasional cheap blasphemies, this drama is one of the most distinguished efforts in a season that has been all too lean. It is distinguished both for the beauty of many passages in its dialogue which have a distinctly Shakespearian flavor, and for the classic and rich production which the Guild has given to it with the aid of ingenious settings by Lee Simonson. It is further distinguished by the magnificent acting of Lynn Fontanne as Queen Elizabeth.

The author has not attempted to be too closely historical and has therefore managed to give a portrait of Elizabeth in the terms of her battle between love for the considerably younger Lord Essex and her love of the throne itself. It may perhaps have been the intention of the author to make the story a conflict of two characters. But he has inevitably drifted into the unity demanding by good play-writing and no matter how interesting the study of Essex's character might be, it is the queen who dominates the play at every moment. She is the character with whom the audience identifies itself. As Mr. Anderson has pictured her, she is a woman already aging markedly. She is both imperious and vulgar, violent in her moods and tragic in her determinations. She is neither lovable nor sympathetic, yet one manages easily to understand her and to realize the strange and fatal atmosphere of intrigue and uncertainty with which the throne of England was surrounded at that time. She refers in one place with bitter humor to the fact that her childhood was warped by never knowing from month to month who her next mother would be! Behind this careless remark, one glimpses a vista of the turbulence, tragedy and silent horror which must have shaped her youth and given her that torturing sense of uncertainty which surrounds her at every moment.

We see her surrounded by such arch-plotters as Sir Walter Raleigh and Robert Cecil—men who actually controlled her destiny (though the play does not make this clear) by controlling the purse-strings of the empire, but who were still uncertain enough of their power and position to make them resent bitterly the favors showered upon Lord Essex. The love of the queen for her favorite is no secret at the court, but what very few of the cabal realize is the deep psychological necessity which governs the relations of Elizabeth and Essex. When they are alone together, most of their time is spent in wounding each other. The furious jealousy of the queen does not permit her a single instant of enjoyment when she is with her lover. She is not only jealous of his affections, but even more deeply resentful of his lust for power. She would like to destroy him as a menace to her own authority yet, because he helps her to cling to her fleeting youth and because his love for her is strangely real, she needs him too intensely to be able to give way utterly to her jealousy and resentment.

Essex, for his part, is equally torn. In the play, he is never quite conscious of how much he really owes to the queen for the opportunities she has given him. He is largely carried away by the personal popularity he enjoys with the English people—a popularity based partly on his personality and partly on his record as a general in Spain. He has dreams of empire in terms of warfare and conquest. He accuses Elizabeth of womanly cowardice in attempting to keep her kingdom in peace. Yet she has a genuine fascination for him which he cannot throw off. He is evidently fully aware of her increasing age, but her mind holds him as keenly fascinated as if she were still in her first youth.

We thus have a dual struggle on both sides, this love of power in one form or another supremely controlling both Elizabeth and Essex and tearing them apart while personal devotion draws them together. This is the seed of the tragedy as Mr. Anderson has written it. It is tragedy in the truest sense of a culmination which grows out of the inevitable characters of these two people. One or the other must conquer completely. Eternal compromise is impossible, especially when their relations are governed by a curious honesty which compels each of them to tell the other the truth.

Thanks to the machinations of Cecil, Essex leaves to take command of the invading forces in Ireland. The letters back and forth between himself and the queen are intercepted. Everything is done to fan their jealousy and mistrust. Finally, Essex returns at the head of his troops with the populace of London crying out, "Long live Essex, down with Elizabeth!" But even at this crisis, the queen is not willing to believe fully in Essex's perfidy. She makes no resistance to his advance and summons him directly into her presence. The scene between them, alone, is undoubtedly the high spot of the play. Their misunderstanding is rapidly cleared up, and it appears for a moment that they will rule England together. But at this moment, Essex, impelled by his fanatic honesty, admits that he wishes power more than anything else in the world. When Elizabeth refuses to make him king consort, he threatens her. This threat opens her eyes at last to the real nature of the conflict between them. She pretends to yield to his wish and then, when he dismisses his troops, summons her own palace guard and has him sent to the tower. If ever the suicide of a soul was portrayed on the stage, it is in the moment when Elizabeth sends Essex to his death, knowing that in doing so she is killing everything in herself except her one determination to rule.

The final scene in Elizabeth's apartment in the tower, during the hour before Essex's execution, is no anti-climax. Sustained by one of the most impressive bits of acting seen in many years, on the part of Lynn Fontanne, the final self-torture of Elizabeth becomes an imperishable moment. It ought to be self-evident by this time that Miss Fontanne has taken fully and completely the first place in both tragedy and comedy on the American stage. Her superb command of every situation and the unspoken tragedy which she conveys make her Elizabeth far and away one of the most astonishing performances of recent stage history. Mr. Lunt also gives a true tragic flavor to Essex—a weakling with the outer semblance of power. There are times when he seems to exaggerate this weakness slightly to the detriment of the real sense of struggle between these two people. He becomes unexpectedly soft when the clash of the play demands a sturdier mood. But he does succeed admirably in keeping Essex before us as an essentially neurotic man, self-tortured and torturing. The balance of the cast is excellent, and once the stiff awkwardness of the opening scene is surmounted, the play mounts steadily in power and interest. (At the Guild Theatre.)

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BOOKS

China's Tragedy

The Inner History of the Chinese Revolution, by T'ang Leang-Li. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $5.00.

China's Revolution from the Inside, by R. Y. Lo. New York: The Abingdon Press. $2.00.

THESE two volumes from different angles seek to explain not only the originating causes of the Chinese Revolution, but also the conduct of the revolution from its inception to the capture of Peking by Kuo-Min-Tang armies.

That of Dr. T'ang Leang-Li is drawn from his own experiences gained while representing in Great Britain the Kuo-Min-Tang, and the Central Executive Committee of that party in Europe as a correspondent. He announces that he can lay no claim to being an impartial historian, but that he has had as his aim the production of a handbook on the Chinese Revolution; and further, that it has been his good fortune to have had access to documents hitherto unpublished. But even with this additional source of information the volume, as indeed most books on China, must remain incomplete in its presentation of facts and causes, because the author knows that the successive governments of Chinese dynasties and Chinese families have systematically refrained from giving to the world the intimate details of policies, persons and events until an extended period of time has elapsed.

Assuredly the families from which the higher Chinese officials have been drawn for the past thirty years have not as yet allowed the documents and letters in their possession to pass into the hands of publishers. Thus, though the author announces that the archives and the confidential documents of the Political Council of the Kuo-Min-Tang have been open to his research, his book must be colored in the interests of one section of Chinese thought.

The book has fifteen chapters, through which the history of the revolution from its genesis is traced. Here are set down with considerable detail the objects and methods of the many political organizations which have strutted across the revolutionary stage, some of which were anti-Manchu, some anti-foreign, others simply against the general or group of politicians for the moment in control. The author is at his best in those chapters in which he traces the reorganization from time to time of the Kuo-Min-Tang party, showing how this permitted first the conquest, then the holding and consolidation, of the province of Kwantung; which when completed permitted those successive movements which led to the capture of Hankow, Nanking, Shanghai and finally Peking. All this in spite of the perpetual counter-revolutionary intrigues, the ever-recurring internal dissensions within the party, and the restless ambition displayed by General Chiang-Kai-Shek, who divorced his third wife in order to marry Madame Sun-Yet-Sen's sister, Sung-Mei-Lung, in December, 1927; on which occasion he hired a hotel in Shanghai and is reported to have squandered $100,000, most of which is said to have come from the loot gained during the northern and other expeditions. These and similar actions indicated that Chiang-Kai-Shek was playing for the Presidency of China.

The sketches of the leading personalities in China are cleverly done, especially that of Feng-Yu-Hsiang, the one-time Christian general; while the description of the existing corruption among the officials awakens a saddening note, especially the incident connected with the vessel Kiangnan and its cargo of opium, which was the subject of gossip in Shanghai toward the end of 1928 and the spring of 1929. The author does not indicate serious appreciation of the fact that human nature does not change because the form of government under which it must live varies. The sanguine undercurrent of certain sections of the book is difficult to associate with the known facts of the Chinese situation.

Dr. Lo, as keen an observer as Dr. Li, discusses in an amazingly free style the evolutionary phases of the Chinese Revolution and the causes which have brought the country to its present position. Dr. Lo was trained at the Baldwin Wallace College in Ohio State, completing his American training at Syracuse University. Since returning to China he has been the editor of the *Chinese Christian Advocate* for a period of ten years. Besides serving on several interdenominational associations, he is the chairman of the Anti-opium League, while as adviser to the governor of the Kiangsi Province, he has had experience of official and political life.

Convinced that a new era is dawning for China, he has made a study of the deeper currents of Chinese society and social life producing in his twelve chapters a picture of the student movement, anti-religious propaganda, and the development of labor conditions as well as those against which the peasants and women of China are struggling. He speaks of the year 1898 as witnessing the birth of the struggle for constitutional government, and sees in the issue of the reform edicts of the Emperor Kwang-Hsu, in the joint memorial of Kang-Yu-Wei and Liang-Chi-Chao, the impelling force of the Chinese Revolution.

Generally speaking, the sequelae of the Kansu rebellion and the Tai-Ping civil war, with their resulting famine, destruction and poverty, coupled with the oppression of many of the mandarins, have been accepted as among the dominating causes of the unrest and anger of the Chinese. Likewise the humiliating defeat of China by the Japanese in 1894-1895 (largely attributed to the use, by sycophantic and corrupt palace mandarins, of the funds voted for the Chinese navy to build a summer palace for the empress dowager) caused anger to flame forth among the reformers and the peasantry, which politicians diverted into the Boxer Rebellion against the foreigners. These and other untoward mishaps in government roused the Chinese people and drove them to revolution.

The chapters upon the labor movement and the betterment of the peasants indicate plainly how carefully the author has studied the causes of social unrest, and how these affect Chinese life. Indeed the agrarian program with its twenty-two points, and the formation of farmers' unions, are evidence of the length to which the working classes have gone in studying the conditions of their own life, and in following Dr. Sun-Yat-Sen's advice by organizing labor into strong and solid bodies. Today some five thousand farmers' unions, according to Dr. Lo, with a membership of some ten millions, are scattered throughout seventeen of the provinces.

The chapter on the women's movement is perhaps the most interesting, as indicating the enormous cleavage made with the past and the strides which have been taken toward the western standards.

Both books are interesting and should be found in the intelligent American's library; while women's clubs throughout the country will do well to acquaint themselves with political and economic advances made in China during the continuing civil war, which has only too often been waged to further the ambitions of contending generals.

BOYD-CARPENTER.

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"If I Had Served My God . . ."

Wolsey, by Hilaire Belloc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $5.00.

IT WAS inevitable that Mr. Belloc, having finished with Richelieu, should have produced this biography of the great Tudor cardinal. Both churchmen, standing within a hundred years of each other, are superbly dramatic figures; both dominate the European scene at moments fraught with crisis for the Church; and both in a degree betrayed the best interests of the Church, the Frenchman for national motives, the Londoner for those of personal glory. Let us say, in passing, that seldom have Mr. Belloc's peculiar qualities of style been revealed to better advantage. Its clarity and music, all its crimson and gold, can be heard and seen but somehow chastened, like the psalmody and color of the Church he has so often served with his pen. It is fitting that a period in many respects so splendid as the sixteenth century, should be voiced by so sumptuous a prose.

This book is anything but a whitewashing of Wolsey. Other writers like Professor Pollard and Dr. Merriman may be seduced by the cardinal's great human qualities, his audacity, his mastership, his temporal splendor, his sensational failure through no fault of his own. Mr. Belloc demands something more transcendant from a hero who was also a priest. Despite the pathos with which he invests that death-bed journey, lit up by the succorable tapers of Leicester Abbey, he expends on Wolsey not a whit of the chivalrous tenderness he has shown for poor pig-headed James II. He does not shut an eye to the fact that Wolsey, like many another prelate of the time, sported pluralities, kept a mistress and bred a family. Nay, to secure York, the primacy of the north, he may, according to Mr. Belloc, have instigated a murder. All this apparently is nothing to the fact that he, the virtual head of Church and State in England, demeaned himself to make an alliance with the scheming woman who later kicked him down. In short, Wolsey all unconsciously prepared the "Reformation" in England. Mr. Belloc, all of us perhaps, would wish that he had enacted a nobler rôle. Prouder than Becket, his resistance might have saved the Church for the Papacy as the blood of Becket kept her true to the See of Peter for another 300 years. Times had changed, however, and in Froude's phrase, the ax was laid to the root. Mr. Belloc makes Wolsey primarily responsible for that easy surrender.

In treating the much-discussed character of Henry VIII, Mr. Belloc is as usual original and, we cannot but feel, perfectly sound. His portrait of the second Tudor king, though less fluctuant and subtle than the brilliant one by Francis Hackett, is more comprehensible and direct. Henry, according to Mr. Belloc, was not essentially a bad sort. He was industrious, racy, intensely religious, genuinely devout. But it was precisely that quality which your superficial historian allots to him that was lacking—personality, real will. His lamentable obsession by Anne Boleyn was only the first of a series of episodes where the burly central figure is directed by someone in the background. Like a bear with a ring through its nose, he was always being led around by those who really knew what they wanted—by Wolsey who wanted the tiara, by Anne who wanted a crown, down to the Seymours who merely wanted swag. Naturally people were afraid of him, for he was not merely a tyrant, but later, when his venereal disease gained on him, a highly irresponsible one. Mr. Belloc has one sentence about him worth a whole chapter of elaborate analysis. He had a will, but "it was the will of a man permanently im-

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mature." We have known such people in our own experience, men who acquire a tremendous reputation as original organizers when they are merely bullies inflated by vanity. To impose your will, especially if you have a talent for roaring out your reactions, is easy, but it does not mean that your will, in its turn, is governed by intelligent insight. In other words the mere gross wrath of man, as the Bible says, does not work the righteousness of God. If such a travesty of will deceived contemporaries of the king, it is no wonder that it continues to deceive partial historians.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

Three Poets

Old Pastures, by Padraic Colum. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

Poems, by Karl Kraus; translated by Albert Bloch. Boston: The Four Seas Company. $2.00.

The Gates of the Compass, by Robert Hillyer. New York: The Viking Press. $2.00.

A HARVARD professor, a Viennese journalist, and an Irish poet—three strange companions for a review, perhaps, but each in our period of confused values gives some measure of the other. The Irishman has the touch of fantasy that distinguishes him as surely the most poetic.

Hillyer has had a sustained and distinguished career. His work has been of a uniformly high level. It is classic in the best New England manner and as safely pleasant as a really nice formal tea or stroll in the garden. This is not an attempt to be smart, or to damn with faint praise. One likes his sort of thing, and is glad it persists. His reflections of charming scenes of nature are clear and sensitive, and his thoughts, while often familiar, are agreeable according to Alexander Pope's definition of art.

Karl Kraus I must confess was unknown to me, though no less an authority than the Encyclopaedia Britannica is mentioned on the jacket as having said he is one of the most remarkable figures in contemporary letters. Then the Encyclopaedia is roundly abused in the translator's foreword for the "slipshod casualness and stupidity" of its biographical sketch of Kraus. We are further informed that he holds an annual cycle of readings at the Sorbonne, and the more serious French literary critics are seeking to do him honor. A great many of the poems in the present volume deal with the war and it is a strange reflection that though they treat of such a cataclysmic theme, they are very dated. There is a good deal of invective in the book which is more violent than poetic. Some of the lyrics are gravely simple and sentimental, in the manner of Heine. On the whole, however, one forbears to join the serious French critics on the basis of the evidence which we have at hand.

"Old Pastures," by Padraic Colum, one enjoys most for the touch of Gaelic fantasy in thought and speech, and also for the earthy, cottage and byre and peasant folk homeliness. This is one of the ideal combinations for poetry, this combination of fancifulness and naturalness, more endearing but this side of the soaring ethereal song. There is humor in these verses, too. The young may be gay; gaiety by rights belongs to them. But the crown of experience is a proper amount of humor. It is the sign of a man that has looked at life yet keeps his kindliness. Besides the foregoing qualities, Mr. Colum, as is well known, is possessed of rich learning in legend and history, and his poetry reflects it.

FREDERIC THOMPSON.

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History of Today

Pre-War America, by Mark Sullivan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.00.

NO ONE writes history like Mr. Sullivan. He has a method of his own, of which the large excellencies and minor defects may best be described as "journalistic." His attitude toward history is that of a first-rate city editor; his technique of presentation is a combination of star reporter, special correspondent and columnist, all working at high speed and with great skill in selecting, condensing and dramatizing the news of an epoch. It is a living, dynamic method, and when geared to Mr. Sullivan's information and experience, produces an exciting kind of history. Under Mr. Sullivan's guidance we willingly expand our notions of what may be included in a history of our own times, and find ourselves absorbing with quite uncritical relish the fascinating potpourri he sets before us.

The author of "Pre-War America" frankly adopts as his philosophy of history the idea that "nothing which occupies the mind of a people can be excluded from its story." Ergo, a parade of popular songs, comic strips, baseball scores, styles in footwear, hats and automobiles, as well as murder trials, soda-fountains, nature-fakers and evangelical quacks, passes in review between the covers of Mr. Sullivan's latest volume. In addition to these less traditional sources of history, the author has painstakingly combed the files of the nation's journals for pertinent examples of what America was thinking and saying during the years 1904-1908. These researches are in many instances mere footnotes to the personal experiences of the author, who, by reason of his long residence in Washington, was a trained observer and reportorial eye-witness of many of the incidents and characters he records. One has the agreeable feeling that much of Mr. Sullivan's material—especially the sections dealing with the personal relations of Roosevelt to other members of his political family—has never been released before, and that we are being introduced by an intimate to the motivating forces of American history. As an instance of this, I mention Roosevelt's attitude toward Charles Evans Hughes, developed and explained by Mr. Sullivan in a masterly piece of political analysis.

Roosevelt dominates the book. He is the hero of the work, as he was of Mr. Sullivan's preceding work—as he was, indeed, of the era. Personally, I can never hear enough about Roosevelt, and am content to let my historians build successive volumes around the colossal figure of Theodore I. But other, less chauvinistic readers may possibly object to such emphasis, particularly in a book entitled "Pre-War America." As a matter of cold truth, Mr. Sullivan confines his book to the four years of Mr. Roosevelt's second term, a period which scarcely deserves the epithet "pre-war." Most readers will expect, and rightly, to be taken as far as 1914 by Mr. Sullivan's third volume, whereas the last entry in "Pre-War America" will carry them no further than 1908. One suspects that Mr. Sullivan was saving some of his best wine for the fourth volume of "Our Times," and consciously diluted the quality and extent of his pre-war stock.

The excellencies of Mr. Sullivan's journalistic method are so valued by this reviewer that he feels justified in pointing out its single defect. Briefly, "Pre-War America" has no architectonic unity; it does not "build up." Mr. Sullivan's chapters are like gorgeous but unrelated one-act plays that exhibit neither philosophic progression nor artistic sequence. Mr. Sullivan may defend himself at this point by declaring

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that history itself exhibits no such sequence or progression. The obvious reply is that the historian is both artist and philosopher, who must somehow contrive to give his work a semblance of compositional unity. Mr. Sullivan's broad perspective eminently fits him to achieve such a unity. By a slight rearrangement of the material, and by the introduction of a few necessary links, "Pre-War America" could easily secure an effect of unity it now lacks.

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON.

Peace Out of War

Memoirs of an Infantry Officer, by Siegfried Sasson. New York: Coward McCann. $2.50.

WITH "Memoirs of an Infantry Officer" to add to "Memoirs of a Foxhunting Man," we might be justified in assuming that the tide of war literature—surely on the ebb at last—will leave Sassoon's work among the sparse reminder that it ever flowed at all. There are two distinct sides to this book. The first is a plain account of the war as it actually appeared to a sensitive man; it is an admirable piece of narrative; and we enjoy it as we enjoy any other good fiction—because it is good, not because it is about the western front, which, whether for excitement or propaganda, has been quiet a long time. If this side of the book is retrospective, the other side could almost be called prophetic. It is the work of an imagination which escapes from and disembodies—as opposed to an imagination which enters into and embodies—the disastrous fact of war. It has more to do with spirit than body, with life than death; it is universal rather than local; it is purely creative.

Here are two passages from an account of a carrying party in a recent battle-field. "But I can remember a pair of hands (nationality unknown) which protruded from the ashen soil like the roots of a tree turned upside down; one hand seemed to be pointing to the sky with an accusing gesture. Each time I passed that place the protest of those fingers became more expressive of an appeal to God in defiance of those who made the war." And the conclusion: "Floating on the surface of the flooded trench was the mask of a human face which had detached itself from the skull." Two examples, of course, are not enough, and taken out of their context may be misunderstood. But this quiet and simple and imaginative prose, this remote and severe and diverse and living imagery is related not to death and mutilation, but to the human spirit which survived death and mutilation to create something vital from it and in spite of it. And this seems to be true of all war literature, that the part of it which is valuable and permanent, is that which tends to efface rather than preserve the actual memories of war.

The end of this book has already been told from a different angle in "Goodbye to All That." Permanently invalided out, Sassoon decided in a confused way that the war must be stopped, he joined the anti-war party, sent a letter of "wilful defiance" to his commanding officer, and was incarcerated (thankfully, since he had no desire to be a martyr) in a hospital for the shell-shocked. This is logically part of a story too wide and too valuable and too clear in its implications to be bound to the horrible and ultimately indescribable events of 1914-1918. So that, admirable as the book is in relation to war literature, it has possibilities of greatness only because it tells the story of how a man saved his soul alive; and because emphasis is upon what he saved and not upon what he saved it from.

GEORGE DANGERFIELD.

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The Two Sisters

Cécile, by F. L. Lucas. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

UPON reading Mr. Lucas's book, it is at once apparent that here is a novelist who thinks as well as writes. Having distinguished himself in England as a critic and scholar, he gives us this story with a tolerance and an understanding that is always bright without beoming ultra-smart. He takes his well-defined characters to a logical end, endowing each one with a genuineness and charm which convinces.

Cécile and Andrée, sisters, loved each other "with a love that had never fought for possession, nor counted how much it was returned"—an incredible sort of love until it is proved. Each sought happiness in eighteenth-century France, which was both grave and gay—qualities which are aptly used to characterize the women themselves: Cécile the gay, Andrée the grave. And in their searching they often came upon pitiful disappointments, yet with a generous resignment.

Cécile knew she wanted gaiety, and soon after her marriage went to Paris, where the additional duties of her very studious husband provided ample time for her adventures. She possessed a buoyancy and a youthful sincerity that quickly made admirers of all her acquaintances. And she was very happy. So gay in her bright Parisian company, so ambitious for happiness, Cécile represents that sort of loveliness that seems destined to doom.

Andrée was never really happy. Perhaps she thought too much (or, as we often felt, the critic Mr. Lucas thought too much). And her thinking, in spite of anything she could do, brought more to regret than to remember. "Leave me my laughter, and you can keep your understanding," said one of the characters. Cécile had both, but more of the laughter; Andrée possessed the understanding, yet not enough for peace of mind. It seemed that a balancing of these characters would have made a delightful combination for a portrait, but perhaps a less effective one for a novel. Here is a book to reread.

ERIC DEVINE.

"Duties Beautifully Done"

Mother Alphonsa (Rose Hawthorne Lathrop), by James J. Walsh. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

THE DIVINE origin of the Catholic Church is in nothing more apparent than in the fact that God never permits a scourge to fall upon the world—war, pestilence, heresy—without raising up from among His people some chosen strong soul to do battle with it. Ever since the great Goliath was slain by one round stone in the hand of David, our blind human methods have been reversed, and the weak things of the earth used to confound the strong. We should be tempted to say that there was not a more unlikely place to look for a Dominican nun than in an old manse in Concord, Massachusetts, that stronghold of the austere New England tradition, breathing the high, thin air of the transcendental philosophers. But there was the need: the great scourge of cancer to whose growth and increase we cannot much longer be blind—and especially the need of the poor. And in this combat, as in the others, the weapon was not lacking.

Dr. Walsh has made us see something mystical and warm and glowing about this "Rose of all the Hawthornes." He draws a tender little picture of that home into which she was born, with its simplicity, its exceptional love of beauty, its literary interests, its circle of friends from among the best that this country has produced:

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"Of life's kind purposes pursued
With ordered freedom sweet and fair.
A tent pitched in a world not right
It seemed, whose inmates, every one,
On tranquil faces bore the light
Of duties beautifully done."

She was the daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, a man "peculiarly sensitive to even the slightest deformity, ugliness or disease." It is probable that to a degree she inherited this sensitiveness, and yet, when the terrible scourge of cancer had once been brought home to her in the death of a close friend, she could throw her whole soul into the fight against it in its most repellent form, augmented by poverty and ignorance, and could transmute what was sordid and soiled and festering into something glorious and lovely. Her fastidious spirit showed no shrinking from the meanest and most distasteful tasks; indeed, she sought them out and took them upon herself. The key to this strength and serenity of hers lies in her conversion to the Catholic Church in 1893, with her husband, and her desire "not merely to write about life, but to live it," and to use her faith as a beneficent ray of light thrown upon the darkest places.

Dr. Walsh, writing not only as a friend but as a physician, realizes to the full the vast magnitude of this work, and the pitiful weakness, humanly speaking, of the means at her disposal. Then how wonderfully it begins to grow, from two inexperienced women in three cramped and shabby rooms in a poor slum, to the great new building at Rosary Hill with hundreds of beds, in charge of many Sisters, where bodies are eased and souls prepared not for death, but for greater, freer life, and to live rejoicing.

And yet in the year 1924, when Mother Alphonsa and her faithful companion, Mother Rose, celebrate their silver jubilee together, they both look back upon these years of unremitting, heart-breaking toil as but "a substantial beginning." Many details of these years are necessarily passed over in order to bring them within the covers of one book; but from among the very chapter headings we are conscious of something swift and dramatic: "The Hawthorne Legacy"; "The First Patient"; "The Blessedness of Finding One's Work"; and finally, "Happiness with Death Impending." It was a life with death impending, every day, every hour; not as a specter, but as a friend.

Mother Lathrop is too great a figure in the history of the Church in this country to be the subject of one book only. Her work will go on, and other books are bound to be written. Dr. Walsh, in paying this fine tribute to her and to the work which he watched and substantially helped to develop, has outlined a future volume which shall give more of her spiritual life, her conversion, her relations with her companions, all of which we would gladly know.

MARTHA GENUNG STEARNS.

By a combination of circumstances, "The Education of a Princess: A Memoir," by Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia, was reviewed in THE COMMONWEAL *of November 5. Not until the magazine was off the presses were we informed of a change in publication date which will make the book unavailable to the public before the first of next year. We hope that this early release of the review will not cause embarrassment to the publishers, the Viking Press, nor disappoint our readers who may have sought to get a copy of the book by reason of the review.—The Editors.*

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Briefer Mention

The Trader's Wife, by Jean Kenyon Mackenzie. New York: Coward-McCann, Incorporated. $2.50.

THERE is nothing derivative about Miss Mackenzie's manner, but this powerful and tragic little book—it is really only a long short story—inevitably brings Conrad to mind. She has the same gift for translating the stark and mysterious into the simple and concrete, and for enhancing their quality a hundredfold by her own austerity of approach. She, too, can see an insoluble problem as a dreadful personal doom; she, too, knows that the ultimate constituent of the soul is morality, and that the moral challenge must be met at any cost by those who would retain their hold upon the real. And she, too, can contrast these dark, ultimate things with the unremarkable quality of those who must bear them. Here the creature thus bearing and overborne is a cultivated and ignorant New Englander who has blossomed amid hard circumstances, and whose bright self-assurance has received no check up to the time she accompanies her husband upon a slave-collecting expedition to Africa. She brings with her no particular prepossessions against his trade; her teaching—and her undoing—follow from her specific experiences amid the slave corrals on the edge of the jungle. Her revulsion, her decision to act against what she sees, her death, are told swiftly and with an impersonality that loses nothing of the flavor of their grandeur and their futility. The characterizations throughout are masterly in their salience and their economy.

The Lucky Lawrences, by Kathleen Norris. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $1.00.

THE AUTHOR of "The Lucky Lawrences" aims to provide novels that will sell, and she wins her goal with a precision that is almost uncanny. In this book she is always the expert, piling into the bowl of her story all the necessary ingredients—flour of action, milk of suspense, sugar of romance and nobility and happiness, flavor of the "modern generation," spices of pathos and tragedy, and baking soda of virtues triumphant. The result is a toothsome bit upon which the numerous admirers of Mrs. Norris will fall with relish—though, to carry the figure to its permissible conclusion, it will do to top off with rather than to make a meal on.

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